



Songs of the **Peacemaker.**

—BY—

W. S. WEEDEN,
GEO. BEAVERSON,
AND
LEONARD WEAVER,
(Evangelist.)

A Compilation of Sacred Songs.

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Begin the Day with God.

FRANK MILLER.

Musical score for "Begin the Day with God." The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, common time, and G major. The bottom staff is in bass clef, common time, and G major. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Be - gin the day with God! He is the sun and day; He
2. Take thy first walk with God! Let Him go forth with thee; By
3. Thy first trans-ac - tion be With God Himself a - bove; So

is the radiance of thy dawn; To Him ad-dress thy lay.
stream, or sea, or mountain-path, Seek still His com - pan - y.
shall thy busi-ness pros-per well, And all the day be love.

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Come to Jesus.

Musical score for "Come to Jesus." The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, common time, and G major. The bottom staff is in bass clef, common time, and G major. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

- 2 He will save you,
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.

- 8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto Him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Flee to Jesus.
12 Only trust Him.
13 Jesns loves you.

- 14 Don't reject Him.
15 I believe Him.
16 He will bless you.
17 He will cleanse you.
18 He will clothe you.
19 Hallelujah, Amen.

SCC

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Be strong and of good courage."—Deut. xxxi. 6.

S. BARING-GOULD.

Presto.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God :Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish,Kingdoms rise and wane,But the Church of
 4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful,Join our hap - py throng,Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vi - ded,
 Je - sus Constant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er
 voi - ces, In the triumph-song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads against the foe;Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail :We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
 Un - to Christ the King :This,thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the
 With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
 cross of

"SONGS OF THE PEACEMAKER," COMPLETE.

WE confidently believe that this enlarged and revised edition of "SONGS OF THE PEACEMAKER" cannot be improved upon. It contains the choicest of words and music, both old and new. Selections suitable and in great abundance, for all kinds of Christian work and worship.

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SONGS OF THE PEACEMAKER

A COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS AND
HYMNS FOR USE IN ALL SERVICES
OF THE CHURCH, SUNDAY-SCHOOL
HOME CIRCLE AND ALL KINDS OF
EVANGELISTIC WORK. :: :: ::

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

No ONE can estimate the power of Christian song. Who will measure the influence of the hymns of apostolic times, the chants of Gregory, or the lyrics of Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley? In the great revivals of recent years gospel hymns have been hardly less potent than the preaching of the most effective evangelists. This new collection of Christian songs ought to find a hearty welcome. The authors have made their selections with the greatest care. Hail to "**Songs of The Peacemaker!**" The glad words of the angel ring in our ears as we open this book—"On earth peace." The name is a good one. All the songs in the collection center about and exalt the life and character of the "**Prince of Peacemakers.**" Book of song, go thou to tens of thousands, carrying thy message of peace.

WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD,

President Allegheny College.

MEADVILLE, PA.

Blessed are the *Peacemakers*: for they shall
be called the children of God.

MATT. v. 9

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THE PUBLISHERS

SONGS OF THE PEACEMAKER.

He's the Prince of Peacemakers.

Rev. F. W. WARE.

J. E. GLINES.

Moderato.

1. He hath spoken, "Be still," the Re - buk er of seas: The command was for me, and my
2. He hath quicken'd my soul by a life from a-bove; It was done by the Spir - it, its
3. He's a wonder - ful Je - sus, this Sav - ior of mine: He's the great Son of God—a Re -
4. I will love Him, and serve Him from now till I die; For His love fills my heart, and His

heart is at ease; He hath bush'd in - to si - lence the waves and the winds, By ap -
pe - sence is love. He hath pardon'd and wash'd me as white as the snow, And my
- deem - er Di - vine. He's my Strength and my Wisdom, my Life and my Lord, And en -
beau - ty my eye. He's the fair - est and dear - est of all to my soul, And our

CHORUS. *faster. mf*

- ply - ing His blood and re - mov - ing my sins.
heart with His love does this moment o'er - flow. } He's the Prince of Peacemakers, all
- thron'd in my heart, to be loved and a - dored. } lives shall be one, while e - ter - ni - ties roll.

glo - ry to God, To re - deem me, and cleanse me, He shed His own blood; My a -

- doption is seal'd, I'm a child of the King, And for - ev - er and ev - er of Je - sus I'll sing.

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The Morning Cometh!

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Lift up your heads, ye pil - grims, And view yon eastern sky, The night of sin is
 2. Lift up your heads, ye pil - grims, And watch the morning break, For lo, Christ's glorious
 3. Lift up your heads, ye pil - grims, For 'tis the Bridegroom comes With trumpet voice to
 4. Lift up your heads, ye pil - grims, Sing in that gladsome day, Nought but the Savior's

end - ing, The morning draw-eth nigh, The day foretold by pro - phets Will soon be
 com - ing The thrones of earth will shake, See those who do not own Him In mountains
 call you Forth to His roy - al throne, See that your lamps are burning, Your garments
 com - ing The tide of sin can stay, Cre - ation groans whilst burden'd For pain and

ush - ered in, When Christ, the one who suf - fered, The world shall own as King.
 seek to hide, Whilst those who love and trust Him Still in His grace con - fide.
 pure and white, That He may find you watch - ing And walking in the light.
 toil to cease; Come, Prince of Life and Glo - ry, Bring u - ni - ver - sal peace.

CHORUS.

He's coming by and by, He's coming by and by, The night of sin is
 end - ing, The morning draweth nigh; He's coming by and by, He's coming
 by and by, The night of sin is end - ing, The morning draw-eth nigh.

The Bridegroom Cometh!

5

Words and Melody by LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist. Arr. by G. B.

1. O brother, are you ready should the Bridegroom come? Are your lamps well trim'd and bright? For
2. The trumpet will be sounded when the Bridegroom comes, And the grave yield up its prey, The
3. It may be at the gloaming when the Bridegroom comes, Or the ris-ing of the sun, So we

sure He will come, And the time will not be long: Are you read-y if He came to-night?
dead shall a-rise And meet Him in the skies: Are you read-y for that glo-rious day?
watch, work and pray, And go sing-ing on our way; To the faith-ful He will say "well done."

What a meeting it will be, When the Sav-ior we shall see, And as-cend-ing we shall
All the loved ones we shall meet, And with rapture we shall greet, All the ransom'd who have
When the vic-to-ry is won We shall have a star-ry crown, And in wor-ship we shall

meet Him in the sky; With Him we shall ev-er be, And from ev-ry sin be free: Are you
journey'd on be-fore; What a song of praise we'll sing When we stand around our King: Are you
cast it at His feet, Cry-ing, "Worthy is the Lamb To receive the song and psalm: Are you

CHORUS.

read-y for the midnight cry? Yes, I am ready, yes, I am ready,
read-y for the heav'ly shore? ready, ready,

1. Read-y for my Lord to come; 2. Read-y for the call, Come home!
Yes, I'm ready, 0,

W. L. T. *Very Slow. pp*

For You and for Me.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing,
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing,
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised,

Call - ing for you and for me; See at the por - tals He's
 Plead ing for you and for me; Why should we lin - ger and
 Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - i.g.
 Prom ised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd He has

wait - ing and watch - ing. Watch-ing for you and for me.
 heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 death-beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

m CHORUS.

Come home, Come home; Ye who are wea-ry, come home;
 Come home, Come home,

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

One Soul for Jesus.

7

Words and Music by Evangelist LEONARD WEAVER. Arr. by G. B.

1. O child of God, a - wake, awake from sleeping, This is no time to
2. Oh, can it be that you believe the sto - ry, Of Him who came from
3. Is there not one for whom thy heart is yearning? Canst thou not pray and
4. Go forth at once, the love of Christ constraining, Weep, plead, and pray un-

fold your arms and dream; See, all around you burdened hearts are break-ing,
heav'n His all to give; And in His cross of shaine pro-fess to glo - ry,
speak one word to him? Would it not give you joy to see one turn - ing
- til that soul is won; Then you with songs of joy and praise re-turn - ing,

CHORUS.

How can you so in - diff'rent seem?
And yet for oth - ers do not live? }
From all the paths of death and sin? } One soul for Jesus, this my aim shall be;
Shall hear the Mas-ter say, "well done!" }

I will not rest, un - til these eyes shall see One soul, at least, bro't

from the mountains cold, Se-ure - ly sheltered in the Sav - ior's fold.

What will you do with Jesus?

NATHANIEL NORTON. Arr. and Cho. by C. W. R.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. "What will you do with Je - sus?" The words how sad and sweet, As ten - der -
 2. What will you do with Je - sus? The words seem loud and clear, The voice of
 3. Think of the King of Glo - ry, From heav'n to earth come down, So won-drous

- ly He bids you Lay your bur-dens at His feet. We are poor and weak and
 God is speak - ing And in ac-cent s all must hear. Life im-mor-tal's in the
 pure and ho - ly, Of His death, His cross and crown. How di-vine is His com-

sin - ful, But His mer - cy's full and free; What will you do with Je - sus?
 ques - tion, And of bliss e - ter - nal - ly; What will you do with Je - sus?
 - pas - sion, And His sac - ri - fice for thee— What will you do with Je - sus?

CHORUS.

What shall the answer be? }
 What will the answer be? } Oh, say you will now re-ceive Him And grieve Him nev - er -
 What shall the answer be? }

- more; Oh, say you will make Him wel-come, He waits at your bolt - ed door.

I Tell Him All.

9

A. C. F.

Rev. A. C. FERGUSON.

1. I tell Him all; it is so sweet To lay my bur - den at His feet,
 2. Amid earth's storms and gloom and strife, When secret tri - als pierce the life
 3. How blest to know He'll guide and keep, As shepherds guard the helpless sheep,

My trust He'll not be - tray, I know He hears my prayer iu song,
 Like thorns with - in the soul Je - sus then sees my ev - 'ry loss -
 In tones both soft and loud, And tho' Christ sometimes seems to wait,

My whis - per 'mid the bu - sy throng, A "Beth - el" long the way.
 He knows He faint - ed 'neath the cross, And cheers tho' tem-pests roll.
 He nev - er yet gave help too late To gold - en line each cloud.

CHORUS.

I tell Him all,— sin, grief, de-sire; He'll not my trust be - tray,—

He'll stay by me thro' tri - al's fire, And keep me all the way.

"Holy Spirit From Above."

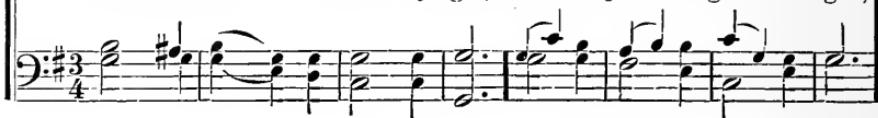
Inscribed to Rev. C. H. Tyndall.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER, May, 1894.

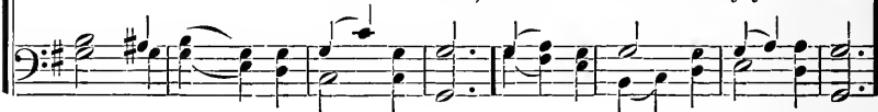
MET. ♩ = 66.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with Thy pure love;
2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a - way; Lead, oh, lead us lest we stray:
3. With the al - tar's sa - cred Fire, Touch our lips,* our hearts in-spire;
4. Bless-ed source of Heav'nly light, Now dis-perse the gloom of night;



Oh, in - spire us with Thy zeal; May each soul Thy presence feel.
 Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
 Oh, il - lume us by Thy grace; In each soul Thy im - age trace.
 In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy di - vine.



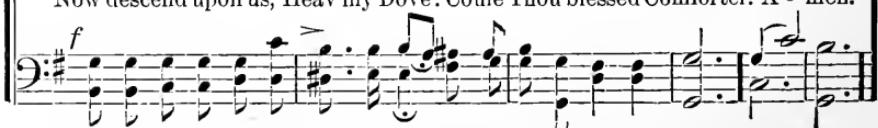
REFRAIN.

f Don't hurry.

Ho- ly Spir- it from Thy throne a-bove, Fill us with the Savior's dy-ing love;



Now descend upon us, Heav'nly Dove: Come Thou blessed Comforter. A - men.



O, those Blissful Hours.

11

Cho. by W. C. W.

To my friend Rev. C. E. Robinson.

W. C. WEEDEN.

1. Bliss - ful hours when first I knew Him, Je - sus, Friend of all our race; When my
 2. When the sky with morning brighten'd, And the day came on a - pace, He my
 3. When the light of day was wan - ing, And the eve-ning shad-ows fell; On His
 4. When the bless - ed Sab - bath enter'd, With its still and ho - ly air; On His

heart clung fondly to Him, In de-light - ed, firm embrace; Then no fear nor sor - row
ris - ing sun en-lighten'd All my soul with beams of grace; Upward to my Sav - ior
bo-som safe - ly lean-ing, I could war-blle "All is well." I was hap - py in His
house my tho'ts were center'd, For I long'd to meet Him there. There I met my glo-ri-ous

shook me, Of His boundless love possesst; In His lov-ing arms He took me; I re-springing, On the wings of faith I flew; Hymns of grate-ful prai-es sing-ing, Neither keep-ing, Hap-py thro' the shades of night; Angels watch'd around me sleeping, And I Sav-iour, There I feast-ed on His word; Mine His prom-is-es and fa-vor, Mine the

CHORES.

precious, hal-le-lu-jah!

love to think of them as days go by; (as days go by;) They are precious, hal - ie -

- lu - iah! And will ev - er be to me Till I reach that glo - ry land on high.

Salvation through the Blood.

To my friend Evangelist Leonard Weaver.

Arr. from the London Hymn Book.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Not all the gold of all the world And all its wealth combined,
 2. Gold could not give the heart re-lief The mal-e-fac-tor craved
 3. Sal-va-tion thro' the blood my song, Re-demp-tion all my theme;

Could give re-lief or com-fort yield, To one dis-tract-ed mind;
 Ah! no; 'twas thro' the Christ of God, That dy-ing man was saved;
 I bask be-neath His bless-ed smile, And drink at life's full stream;

'Tis on-ly to the pre-cious blood Of Christ the soul can fly,
 He looked to Him who bleed-ing hung, A vic-tim by his side.
 And in a lit-tle while I'll go, To dwell with Him a-bove

There on-ly can a sin-ner find A flow-ing full sup-ply.
 He saw, he cried, he heard, he knew, His soul was sat-is-fied.
 Where not a cloud will in-tercept The full-ness of His love

CHORUS.

O, joy-ful news, O, hap-py news, The pre-cious, pre-cious blood

Of Christ can bring the sin - ner nigh, And give him peace with God;

My soul is filled with glo - ry now, 'Tis thro' the blood I see

That I am His and He is mine, And ev - er-more shall be.

On the Cross.

Arr. by G. B.
FINE.

1. { Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb of God, On the cross, yes, on the cross!
For you He shed His pre - cious blood, On the cross, yes, on the cross.
D. C.—Draw near and see the Sav - ior die, On the cross, yes, on the cross.
2. { Come, sin - ners, see Him lift - ed up, On the cross, yes, on the cross;
He drinks for you the bit - ter cup, On the cross, yes, on the cross.
D. C.—Then bows His sa - cred head and dies, On the cross, yes, on the cross.

D. C.

Now hear His ag - o - niz - ing cry,—“E - loi la-ma sa - bac-tha - ni!”
To heav'n He turns His languid eyes, “Tis finished,” now the Conqueror cries,

3 And now the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.
The rocks do rend the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the cross, yes, of the cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, yes, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be
Through time, and in eternity.
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.

Sought and Found.

Rev. C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

FULL. *Allegretto Legato.*

6
8

1. { The Sav - ior sought and found me, He found me, He found me,
 He came from heav'n to save me, To save me, to save me,
D. C.—The Savior sought and found me, He found me, He found me,
 2. { A home He hath pre-pared me, Pre-pared me, pre-pared me,
 He is my sure de-fend - er, De-fend - er, de-fend - er,
D. C.—His an - gel guards at - tend me, At - tend me, at - tend me,

FINE.

His glo - ry shone a-round me When I His grace re - ceived, }
 He life e - ter - nal gave me, The mo-ment I be - lieved.
His glo - ry shone a-round me When I His grace re - ceived,
 An heir He hath de-clared me To glo - ries most di - vine, }
 His wealth of love so ten - der Shall ev - er-more be mine.
From e - vil they de - fend me Thro' all life's toil - some way.

SOLO.

I know He ev - er liv - eth, And life e - ter - nal giv - eth,
 His an - gel guards at - tend me, From e - vil they de - fend me;

And souls oppressed with sor - row, He can and will re - lieve....
 His bless-ed pres - ence cheers me Thro' all life's toil - some way....

Sought and Found. Concluded.

15

DUET.

D. C.

Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS. Cho. by L. W.

Arr. by G. B.

1. 2.

CHORUS.

1. 2.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

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Do You Know the Song?

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Do you know the song that the an - gels sang On that night in the
 2. Do you know the song that the shepherds heard As they watch'd o'er their
 3. Do you know the story that the wise men heard As they journey'd from the

long a - go? When the heav'ns a-bove with their mu-sic rang, Till it
 flocks by night? When the skies bent down, and their hearts were stirred By the
 East a - far? O'er a path-way plain, for there nightly burned In their

CHORUS.

ech - oed in the earth be - low? All glo-ry in the highest, Peace on
 voic - es of the an - gels bright?

sight a glo-rious guid-ing star?

earth, good will to men, Glory in the highest, Peace,good will to men; Glory in the highest,

Glory in the highest, Glory in the high-est, Peace on earth,good will to men.

Mercy's Free.

17

S. A. Arranged by G. B.

1. By faith I see my Sav-ior dy - ing On the tree, on the
 2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur - su - ing, Pi - ty me, pi - ty
 3. Je - sus, the might - y God, hath spo - ken Peace to me, peace to
 4. Long as I live I'll still be cry - ing, Mer - cy's free, mer-cy's

tree; To ev -'ry na - tion He is cry - ing, Come to me, come to
 me? And did He snatch my soul from ru - in, Can it be, can it
 me; Now all my chains of sin are bro - ken, I am free, I am
 free; And this shall be my theme when dy-ing, Mercy's free, mer-cy's

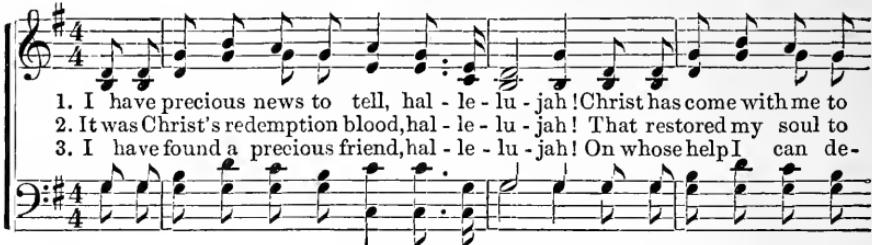
me, He bids the guilt - y now draw near, Repent, be-lieve, dismiss thy
 be? Oh, yes, He did sal - va-tion bring, He is my Prophet, Priest and
 free. Soon as I in His name believed, The Ho - ly Spir - it I re -
 free; And when the vale of death I've pass'd, When lodged above the stormy

fear, Hark, hark, what precious words I hear, Mer-cy's free, mercy's free.
 King; And now my hap - py soul can sing, Mer-cy's free, mercy's free.
 - ceived; And Christ from death my soul retrieved; Mercy's free, mercy's free.
 blast, I'll sing while end-less a - ges last, Mer-cy's free, mercy's free.

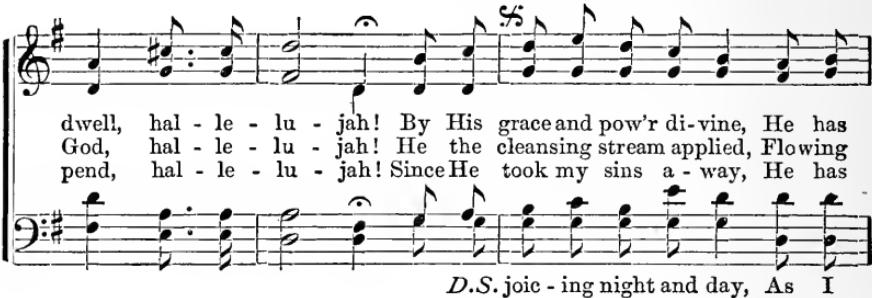
Wondrously Redeemed.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

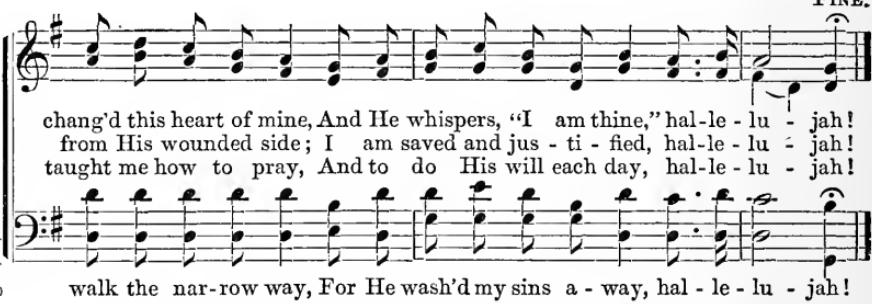


1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has come with me to
 2. It was Christ's redemption blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That restored my soul to
 3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose help I can de-



dwell, hal - le - lu - jah! By His grace and pow'r di-vine, He has
 God, hal - le - lu - jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
 pend, hal - le - lu - jah! Since He took my sins a - way, He has
 D.S. joic - ing night and day, As I
 FINE.

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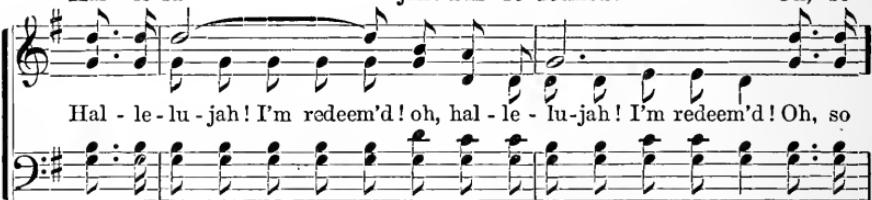


chang'd this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
 from His wounded side; I am saved and jus - ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
 taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!
 walk the nar - row way, For He wash'd my sins a - way, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le-lu - - - - - jah! I'm re-deemed!

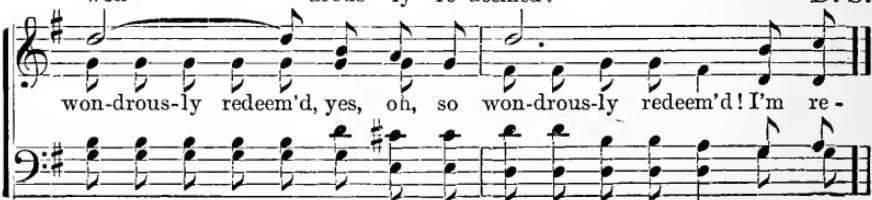
Oh, so



Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! oh, hal - le - lu-jah! I'm redeem'd! Oh, so

won - - - - - drous - ly re-deemed!

D. S.



won-drous-ly redeem'd, yes, oh, so won-drous-ly redeem'd! I'm re -

Master, Use Me.

19

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Send me forth, O bless-ed Master! where are souls in sorrow bowed, Send me
 2. There are lives that may be brightened by a word of hope and cheer, There are
 3. There is work within the vineyard, there is service to be done, There's a
 4. Oh, I would not be an i - dler in the vineyard of the Lord; With the

forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will obey the call, and
 souls with whom life's blessings I should share; There are hearts that may be lightened of the
 mes-sage of sal-va-tion to de-clare; Send me forth to tell the story to the
 Christ the vineyard-labor I would share; Into hearts that know not Jesus I would

D. S.—ready to re-port for or-ders,
FINE.

in Thy blessed name I will take the bless-ed light of the gos-pel there.
 bur-dens which they bear; Let me take the blessed hope of the gos-pel there.
 homes of sin - ful men; Let me take the blessed Christ of the gos-pel there.
 speak the sav-ing Word; Let me take the bless-ed joy of the gos-pel there.

Mas - ter, sum-mon me, And I'll go on an - y er-rand of love for Thee.

CHORUS.—Call me forth..... to act - ive serv - - - ice,

Call me forth, call me forth, to act - ive serv-ice call me forth,

D. S.

And my prompt re-sponse shall be, "Here am I! send me;" I am

Whiter Than the Snow.

J. G. DAILEY.

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, says the Savior di-vine, The Fa - ther has
 2. Far whit - er than snow, and as fair as the day, — For Christ is the
 3. You sheep, that was lost in the val-ley of sin, Was found by the

willed that the kingdom be thine; Oh, soil not your garments with
 foun-tain to wash guilt a - way; Oh, give him, poor sin - ner, that
 Shep-herd, who gathered him in; With songs of thanks-giv - ing the

sin here be - low, — My sheep and my lambs must be whit-er than snow.
 bur-den of thine, And en - ter the fold with the nine - ty and nine.
 hills did re-sound, My friends and my neighbors, the lost sheep is found.

CHORUS.

Whi - - er than snow, Whit - - er than
 Whiter than the snow, I long to be, dear Savior, Whiter than the snow,

snow, Whit - - er than snow. Whit - - er than snow.
 I long to be Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow.

Repeat Chorus pp

* 2d time use small notes.

Jesus Leads the Way.

21

Melody, "Auld Lang Syne."

Mrs. M. O. PAGE.

Arr. by Mrs. CLARA H. SCOTT.



1. 'Tis sweet to lean on Je-sus's breast And know my sins for-giv'n,
2. And now my Je - sus leads the way, And I ac-cept-ance bring,
3. I'll tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er, It is so sweet to give,



'Tis sweet to think my earth - ly name Is writ - ten now in heav'n,
I stand with-in the noon-tide ray De - scend-ing from our King,
'Tis all the sto - ry that we need To teach us how to live;



'Tis sweet to think my jour-ne-y here Is all illumined by grace,
And this has made me strong to bear, And quick to do his will;
And all the sto - ry that we need To tell in heav'n a - bove,



D. S.—'Tis sweet to think my jour-ne-y here Is all illumined by grace,

D. S.



That I may nev - er feel a fear, For I shall see his face.
And watch-ing doth my heart pre-pare My mis-sion to ful - fill.
Is just the same old gos-pel theme Of Je - sus and his love:



That I may nev - er feel a fear, For I shall see his face.

Be a Golden Sunbeam.

ISAAC NAYLOR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Be a gold-en sun-beam, ra - di-ant and bright, Chas-ing from life's
 2. When the way is gloom-y, cheer it with a song— Ban-ish mist and
 3. Be a gold-en sun-beam, bright, and pure, and fair, With thy smiles and

path-way sor-row's frown-ing night; With thy gold-en sun-light
 shad-ow as you march a-long; In the place of bri-ars
 son-nets light-en hu-man care; With the sweet-est mu-sic

dry the dew-y tear, Scat-ter from the sad heart all its doubt and fear.
 strew the fairest flow'rs, Wr-eathing brows with roses pluck'd from heav'nly bown's.
 from the harp of love, Lure the sad and wea-ry to our home a-bove.

CHORUS.

{ Be a gold-en sun-beam, beau-ti-ful and bright, Scat-ter-ing
 { Be a gold-en sun-beam, joy-ful-ly and glad Scat-ter-ing

3

clouds and dark-ness with thy shin-ing light:
 rays of sun-light (*Omit.*)..... when the way is sad.

I'll Work for Jesus.

23

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHORUS.

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Bringing the World to Jesus.

Luke xiv. 21-23.
Dedicated to Ferdinand Schiverec, Evangelist.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.
Harmonized by F. J. ST CLAIR.

1. Out in the streets and bye-ways, Down thro' the lanes of sin, Into the tan-gled
 2. Lifting the weak and fallen Up from the depths of shame, Offer-ing them sal-
 3. Working 'till Je-sus tells us, "Harvest time now is o'er, Come from the fields, ye

hedges, Gather-ing lost ones in; Bringing them to the Savior, In from the
 - va-tion Thro' the Redeemer's name; Leading them to the Fountain Under the
 reapers; Gather the sheaves no more; Lay down the time-worn sickle, Lean thou up-

world so cold; Out from the snares of satan, In-to the Mas-ter's fold.
 precious flow; Jesus, the friend of sin-ners, Making them white as snow.
 - on My breast; O-ver the stream I'll bear thee Into the land of rest."

CHORUS. 2d time pp.

Bringing the world to Je-sus, All to the Mas-ter's feet, Find-ing in
 Bring-ing to Je-sus, Find - -

Him sal-va-tion, Pardon and peace complete. Working for the Sav-iour
 - ing sal-va-tion,

FINE.

Bringing the World to Jesus. Concluded. 25

While it's called to-day, Glean-ing in the har-vest All a-long the way;

D.S. al Fine.

How They Crucified My Lord.

(JUBILEE SONG) Arr. by M. E. BLISS-WILLSON.

1. When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord, When I
cru - ci-fied my Lord,

think how they crucified my Lord, Oh, sometimes it causes me to
think how they cru-ci - fied my Lord.

tremble, tremble, tremble, When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.

2. When I think how they crowned Him with the thorns.
3. When I think how they nailed Him to the tree.
4. When I think how they pierced Him in the side.
5. When I think how they laid Him in the tomb.
6. When I think how the stone was rolled away.
7. When I think how He rose up from the grave.

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Scatter the Flowers.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.
Harmonized by F. J. ST. CLAIR.

1. In the Master's vine-yard La - bo r day by day, Speaking words of
 2. In the hour of sor - row Heed the fall - ing tear, Say some word of
 3. When the heart is bur-den-ed With the weight of care, Take it to the

kind-ness All a-long the way; In the place of this-tles Scat - ter com - fort, Sing some song to cheer; Ev - 'ry kindness tendered, Ev - 'ry Sav - ior, To the Lord in prayer; He will al-ways light-en, Lift the

ros - es sweet, Make the path-way pleasant For the ten - der feet. deed of love, Makes the sun-shine brighter In the sky a - bove. hea - vy load, Give you peace and com-fort For the thorn - y road,

CHORUS.

Scat - ter the flow-ers, Joy and love be-stow; Fill the world with
 Scatter the fragrant flow-ers, Joy, and peace, and

glad-ness Ev - 'ry-where you go; Ev - 'ry-where you go.

There is a Green Hill far away.

27

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.
With expression.

W. C. WEEDEN.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a ci - ty wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us, He hung and suf - fer'd there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

And trust in His re-deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

Redeemer of Zion.

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Re-deem - er of Zi - on, blest Sav-ior of lost men, With hum-blest pe -
 2. 'Tis Thine to de - liv - er all who may trust in Thee, The cap - tive and
 3. Tho' foes fierce and cru - el may threaten and a - larm, Thy pow'r is Al -

- ti - tion we look to Thee a - gain; Pro - tect us from dan - ger and
 help - less in mer - cy to set free; The weak and de-fence - less Thou
 - might - y the strongest to dis-arm; Thy ban - ner shall wave o - ver

ev - 'ry threatened ill, And help us for - ev - er, And help us for -
 canst a - lone de-fend, Thy boundless com-pas - sion, Thy boundless com -
 ev - 'ry land and sea, Thy bo - som a ref - uge, Thy bo - som a

- ev - er, And help us for - ev - er to do Thy ho - ly will.
 - pas - sion, Thy bound-less com-pas - sion the need - y must be-friend.
 ref - uge, Thy bo - som a ref - uge for - ev - ermore shall be.

Only Touch Him.

29

Rev. T. N. EATON, D.D.

P. KEIL, Jr.

1. Earth's phy - si - cians know not to heal thee, Thou hast tried them a -
 2. This Phy - si - cian hath pow'r to heal thee, Men have tried Him a -
 3. They must die who re - fuse to trust Him, There is no oth - er

- gain and a - gain; Hu - man a - gen - cies ne'er can cleanse thee, Haste to
 - gain and a - gain; You need nothing but just to touch Him, Haste to
 healing for thee; They shall cer - tain - ly live who touch Him, Haste to

CHORUS.

come to the Sav - ior of men.
 come to this Sav - ior of men.
 come to the Sav - ior and see. } O touch but the hem of His

gar - ment, And vir - tue shall come out to thee; So shalt thou be

saved in a mo - ment,—O sin - ner, but touch Him and see.....

Sweet Rose of Sharon.

Rev. F. W. WARE. By per.

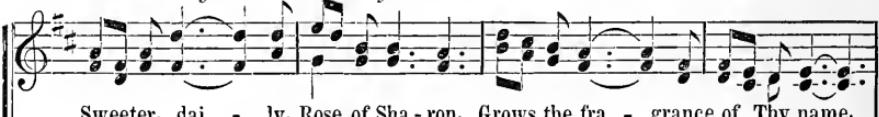
J. E. GLINES.

SOLO OR DUET. *Lento.*

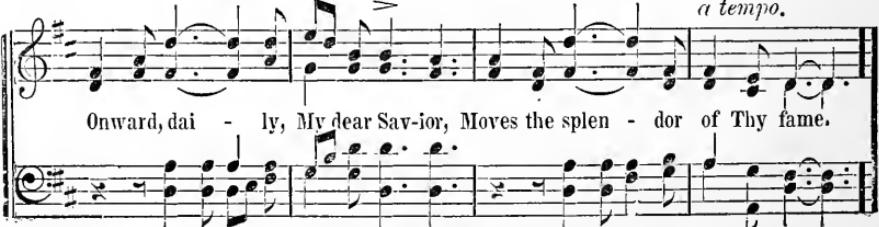
1. Rose of Sha - ron, Thy rich fragrance Fills the air where'er I roam,
2. Rose of Sha - ron, Great Physi - cian Of the mind and of the heart,
3. Rose of Sha - ron, my dear Shepherd, Feed the life in mer-cy giv'n,
4. Then, O Rose, sweet Rose of Sha - ron, Set me in the soil a - bove;
5. Let me grow, bless'd Rose of Sha - ron, As di - rect ed by Thy love.



- And the sweetness of Thy smil - ing Checks my tears and lifts my gloom.
 Balm and bal-sam Thou hast brought me And I'm healed in ev -'ry part,
 Let me live and grow just like Thee Till I'm ripe and meet for heav'n.
 Let me grow in Thy great gar - den, In the frost - less land of love,
 Let me have thro' end-less a - ges, Fel - low - ship with Thee a - bove.

CHORUS. *Allegro moderato. mf*

Sweeter, dai - ly, Rose of Sha - ron, Grows the fra - grance of Thy name.

*a tempo.*

Onward, dai - ly, My dear Sav - ior, Moves the splen - dor of Thy fame.

Is it Nothing to You?

31

C. W. RAY.

Espress.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Is it nothing to you that the curse of strong drink Al - lurement to
 2. Is it nothing to you that a du - ti - ful son, Shall ap - pe - tite
 3. Is it nothing to you that the sire of gray hairs Should mourn for the

ru - in must be? Is it nothing to you when our youth on the brink Of
 cease to con - trol; Is it nothing to you whether hearts shall be won, Or
 wand'rer be - guiled; Is it nothing to you that his sym-pa-thy shares The

CHORUS.

death and de - struc-tion you see? } Is it nothing to you, is it
 dem - ons shall cap-ture the soul? } woes of his dis - so - lute child? }

noth-ing to you That hearts in their anguish must break? Is it

nothing to you that the brave and the true To du - ty and danger a - wake.

The Grace of God.

J. G. DAILEY. By per.

Viola.

1. Thy grace, O my Sav - ior, has wrought us re-l ease, When sin and temp -
 2. We know we are weak, and we're tho'tless at times, We mur-mur and
 3. O send us Thy Spir - it, Lord, keep us from sin, And lead us in

- ta-tion were nigh; And weakness soon vanished when Thee we besought, Thy
 grieve Thee, our Friend; But Fath-er, we love Thee! Thou knowest we do, Yet
 pathways of peace; Our Fath - er, O graciously grant us Thy strength, 'Twill

CHORUS.

strength in its stead to sup-ply. } In my weakness I am
 lov - ing how can we of - fend ! }
 al-ways af - ford us re-l ease. }

In my weakness

strengthened, In my weak-ness I am
 I am strengthened,

In my weakness

strengthened, Made strong-er by the grace of God.
 I am strengthened,

Repeat pp

Bringing in the Sheaves.

33

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13: 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shue, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
 3. Go. then, ev - eu weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y eves; Waiting for the har - vest,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest,
 Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
 and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
 He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bring-ing in the sheaves. Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves,
 Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves.

We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come re-joic - - (Omit) - - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

Listen to My Story.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

S. C. FOSTER. Arr.

1. { Down at the cross the Sa - vior found me, Wea - ry of sin;
Then Je - sus saw me, weak and wea - ry, Came to my soul;

Dark - ness was ev'ry-where a-round me, Sor-row and gloom with-in.
Brought sunshine to my heart so dreary, Whisper'd, and I was whole. }

CHORUS.

Lis - ten, lis - ten to my sto - ry: At His feet I bow;

He saves me, and He keeps me—glory! Praise the Lord! He saves me now!

2 He found me on a barren mountain,
Hungry and cold;

He bro't me to the cleansing fountain,
Placed me within the fold;

I know the Savior will protect me,

Show me the way;

He never, never will neglect me,

I shall not go astray.

3 He fills my heart to overflowing—

Wonderful love!

Rich blessings He is now bestowing,
Peace from the throne above.

Now when temptations great assail me,

I can endure;

His grace and mercy never fail me,

He makes His child secure.

That's Enough for Me.

35

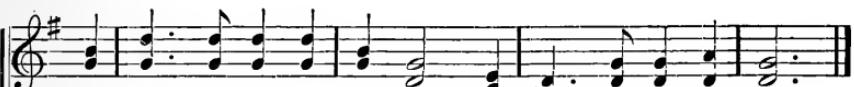
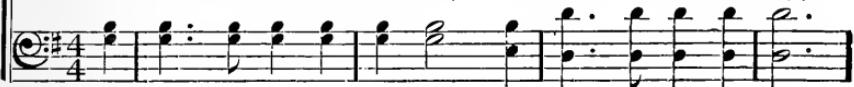
"I know there are many who seek for happiness in the pleasures of the world. I go to Jesus. He assures me that He loves and saves me, and that's enough for me." The testimony of an earnest, devout Christian.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. O, love surpass-ing knowl-edge! O, grace so full and free!
2. O, won - der-ful sal - va - tion, That I should ransom'd be!
3. O, blood of Christ so pre-cious, That flows from Cal - va - ry!
4. O, won-drous love of Je - sus! What love could sweeter be?
5. We live in sweet com-mun-ion, In bless - ed har - mo - ny;



I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's enough for me.
 'Tis mine, this sweet as - sur-ance, And that's enough for me.
 It cleans - es me com-plete - ly; And that's enough for me.
 He keeps me saved and hap - py, And that's enough for me.
 This, this is full sal - va - tion. And that's enough for me.



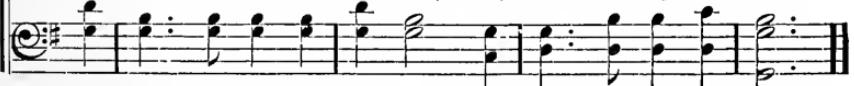
REFRAIN.



And that's enough for me, E - nough of joy for me;



I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's enough for me.
 'Tis mine, this sweet as - sur-ance, And that's enough for me.
 It cleans - es me com-plete - ly; And that's enough for me.
 He keeps me saved and hap - py, And that's enough for me.
 God's free and full sal - va - tion, Oh, that's enough for me.



6 The worldling seeks for pleasure,
 In earthly vanity;
 My treasures are in heaven,
 And that's enough for me.

Cho.—And that's enough for me,
 Enough of joy for me;
 My treasures are in heaven,
 And that's enough for me.

7 When ends our toil and sorrow,
 A better home I'll see,
 And be with Christ forever,
 And that's enough for me.

Cho.—And that's enough for me,
 Enough of joy for me;
 To be with Christ forever,
 Oh, that's enough for me!

Jesus, My Savior.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

Arr. by GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Keep me ev - er near Thy side,
 2. Con - fort in sor - row, In af - flic - tion be my friend;
 3. Down in the val - ley Leave me not a - lone to die,

Help me to trust Thee, In Thy love a - bide; When the storms as -
 Draw me still near - er, Lead me to the end; When the world for -
 When time is fleet - ing, Je-sus, draw me nigh. Just a lit - tle

- sail me, And the bil-lows 'round me roll, In Thy bo - som fold me,
 - sakes me, And its friendship proves untrue, In Thy ten - der mer - cy
 clos - er, Near-er to Thy lov-ing breast, When we cross the riv - er

REFRAIN. 3

Hide my troubled soul.
 Gent-ly lead me through. } Je - sus, my Sav-ior, Leave, oh, leave me
 To the land of rest. }

not a - lone, Ev - er, for - ev - er, Make Thy presence known.

I Have Found Jesus.

37

Words and Melody furnished by Evangelist LEONARD WEAVER.

Arr. by G. B.

1. I'm a pil - grim bound for glo - ry, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home;
 2. Shall I tell you what induced me For the bet - ter land to start?
 3. When I first commenc'd my jourNEY Ma - ny said, He'll turn a - gain;
 4. When I reach the crys - tal riv - er I shall lay my ar - mor down
 5. In His pres-ence I'll a-dore Hin, Sing His prais - es o'er and o'er;

Come and hear me tell my sto - ry; All who love the Sav - ior, come.
 'Twas the Sav - ior's lov - ing kind - ness O - vercame and won my heart.
 But they all were dis - ap-point - ed, For thro' grace I still re-main.
 At the feet of my dear Sav - ior, And of Him re-ceive a crown.
 I will walk a - bout the ci - ty, Shouting glo - ry ev - er-more!

CHORUS.

I have found Jesus; He has redeemed me; O, how His glo - ry fills my soul!

Repeat pp

For at the foun - tain I have been drinking, And His Spir - it makes me whole.

It was for Me.

ARR. by GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. On the Cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus died for you and me; There He
 2. Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love Bro't me down at Je-sus' feet! Oh, such
 3. Take me Je - sus, I am Thine, Wholly Thine for ev - ermore; Blessed
 4. Clouds and darkness veil'd the skies When the Lord was cru - ci - fied, "It is

shed His precious blood, That from sin we might be free. Oh, the
 wond - rous, dy - ing love Asks a sac - ri - fice com - plete, Here I
 Je - sus, Thou art mine, Dwell with - in for - ev - er-more; Cleanse, oh,
 fin - ished." was His cry When He bow'd His head and died. It is

cleans-ing stream doth flow, And it wash-es white as snow. It was for
 give my - self to Thee, Soul and bo - dy Thine to be; It was for
 cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with - in; It was for
 fin - ish'd, it is finish'd; All the world may now go free; It was for

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.—me that Je - sus died On the Cross of Cal - va - ry !
 me Thy blood was shed On the Cross of Cal - va - ry ! } It was for
 this Thy blood was shed On the Cross of Cal - va - ry ! }
 me that Je - sus died On the Cross of Cal - va - ry !

me, For e - ven me; It was for
 It was for me, For e - ven me;

Where He Leads I'll Follow.

39

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.
W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than
 2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweeter far than
 3. List to His loving words, "Come un - to Me;" Wea-ry, heav-y-

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ,
 an - y love that mor - tals have known, Kind to the err - ing one,
 lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom-is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat-tern for me.
 Faithful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat-tern for me.
 Faithful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-ure.

CHORUS.

Where..... He leads I'll fol - low
 Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

Fol - - - low all the way. Follow Jesus ev'ry day.
 Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.

Tell it To-day.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. If the name of the Sav-iour is precious to you, If his
 2. If your faith in the Sav-iour has brought its reward, If a
 3. If the souls all a-round you are liv-ing in sin, If the

care has been con-stant and ten-der and true, If the light of his
 strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a
 Mas-ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in - vi-

pre-sence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell of your
 rest in his pal - ace is sweet, Oh, will you not, brother, the
 ta - tion they nev - er have heard, Oh, will you not tell them the

REFRAIN. .

glad-ness to - day? Oh, will you not tell it to - day? . . .
 sto - ry re - peat? cheer-bringing word? Oh, will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

Will you not tell it to - day? . . . If the light of his
 Will you not, will you not tell it to - day?

Rit.

presence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell it to - day?

I am Trusting.

C. H. G.

1. All my doubts I give to Je-sus, I've his gracious prom-ise heard;
 2. All my sins I lay on Je-sus, He has washed me in his blood;
 3. All my fears I give to Je-sus, Rest my wea-ry soul on him;
 4. All in all I have in Je-sus, Poor, yet rich as cher-u-bim;

I shall nev-er be confounded, I am trust-ing in his word.
 He will keep me pure and holy, He will bring me home to God.
 Tho' my way be hid in darkness, Nev-er can his light grow dim.
 Ig-norant, and full of weakness, Heav'n's own store I find in him.

CHORUS.
 I am trust-ing, I am trust-ing, I am trust-ing in his
 I am trusting, I am trusting, I am trusting

word; I shall never be confounded, I am trusting in his word.

Story of the Cross.

REV. W. P. RIVERS.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Oh, the gos-pel sto - ry tell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Let the
 2. Let us plead the ho - ly name Of the cross! (of the cross!) And the
 3. Oh, the song shall never cease Of the cross! (of the cross!) Of the

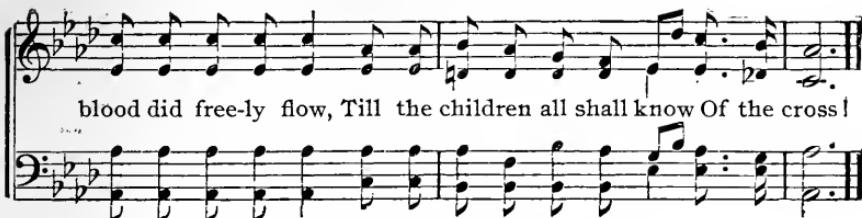
ech - o rise and swell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Sing the
 Sav-iour's pain and shame Of the cross! (of the cross!) For his
 mer - cy, grace and peace, Of the cross! (of the cross!) For its

Sav-iour's grief and woe, How his blood did free-ly flow, Till the
 name must be our plea, For sal - va-tion full and free, And in
 glo - ry gilds the way, And it hath im - mor-tal ray, And we'll

CHORUS.

children all shall know Of the cross! Of the cross, . . . of the
 death our hope must be Of the cross!
 sing in heav'n for aye Of the cross! Of the cross on which the

cross! . . . Sing the Saviour's grief and woe; How his
 bless - ed Sav-iour died,



Always With Us.

E. H. NEVIN.

C. H. G.

1. Al-ways with us, always with us;—Words of cheer and words of love;
2. With us when we toil in sad-ness, Sowing much and reaping none;
3. With us when the storm is sweeping, O'er our pathway dark and drear;
4. With us in the lone-ly val-ley, When we cross the chilling stream;

Thus the ris - en Saviour whispers, From his dwelling place above.
Tell - ing us that in the fu -ture Gold-en harvests shall be won.
Wak - ing hope with-in our bosoms, Still-ing ev -'ry anxious fear.
Light - ing up the steps to glo - ry With sal-va-tion's ra-diant beam.

CHORUS.

Al -ways with us, praise the Lord, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!

For the prom-ise of his word Is for ev - er-more the same.

Is It for Me?

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Was it for me that Je-sus died, Sal-vation's gate to o-pen wide?
 2. Is it for me His grace to share? Is it for me the robe to wear?
 3. Is it for me the Spir-it's pow'r? Is it for me this ve-ry hour?
 4. Is it for me His yoke to take, And for my Lord all else for-sake;

Was it for me His blood was shed? Did He then suf-fer in my stead?
 Can I be sav'd and hap-py be, And ev-er from all sin be free?
 Will he come in and cleanse my heart, Bidding the world and sin de-part?
 To let His ser-vice be my joy, And yield my all to His employ?

REFRAIN.

It was for me,..... yes, all for me,..... He bled and
 It is for thee,..... my soul, for thee,..... His love and
 It is for me He com-eth now,..... Whilst I be-
 It is for me,..... A-dor-ing grace! That gives me

died,..... up-on the tree,..... The ransom price..... for me He
 grace..... so full and free;..... Rejoice and take..... Him at His
 -fore..... Him lonely bow;..... Come, Spirit, cleanse..... and fill my
 in. His work a place;..... I'll gladly serve,.... constrain'd by,

paid..... When on the Cross..... His life He gave.....
 word..... And worship and..... a-dore thy Lord.....
 heart,..... Each a-lien guest,..... oh, bid de - part.....
 love,..... Un - til I reach..... the realms a - bove.....

He Sought and Found Me.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER. Arr. by G. B.

1. The Sav - ior found me dy - ing Up - on the moun-tain cold;
 2. The sky was dark a - bove me, My heart was sad with - in;
 3. I tried with world - ly plea - sure To sat - is - fy my soul,
 4. He leads me in green pas - ture, And by the wa -ters still

He put His arms a - round me And brought me to the fold.
 Un - til my Sav - ior took me And par-doned all my sin.
 But nev - er found con - tent - ment Till Je - sus made me whole.
 I find it, oh, so plea - sant To do the Mas - ter's will.

CHORUS.

He sought and found me, In His arms He took me
 He sought and found me, In His arms, His arms He took me,

On His breast He laid me, Brought me back in - to the fold.
 On His breast, His breast He laid me, Brought me back in - to the fold.

Saved by His Blood.

Mrs. M. E. BLISS-WILLSON.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. The Sav - ior called so lov - ing - ly— I am saved by His blood—
2. His lov - ing words came to my ear— I am saved by His blood—
3. He that be - liev - eth—hear the word— I am saved by His blood—

I heard His voice from Cal - va - ry— I am saved by His blood—
“Come un - to me” and do not fear— I am saved by His blood—
Hath life in Je - sus Christ our Lord— I am saved by His blood—

I wondered if it was for me, A wretch so full of mis - e - ry,
And I had naught to bring to Him, On - ly my vileness, guilt and sin;
On Him thy load of sor-row roll, Be - fore Him lay thy sin - sick soul,

To be from sin and sor - row free— I am saved by His blood.
But as I came He let me in— I am saved by His blood.
And He will quick - ly make thee whole, And will save by His blood.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - - jah! Hal-le - lu - - jah! I am saved by His blood;
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! I am saved by His blood.
 Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah!

Wash My Sins Away.

Words and Music by Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. I once was on the road to woe, Wash my sins a-way,
 2. I made the choice and en-tered in, Wash my sins a-way,
 3. The Lord will give the hun-ble grace, Wash my sins a-way,
 4. I mean to wrestle and en-dure, Wash my sins a-way,

I turned be - fore I sank too low, Wash my sins a-way.
 I left be - hind my load of sin, Wash my sins a-way.
 And lead them to the high - est place, Wash my sins a-way.
 And make my own sal - va - tion sure, Wash my sins a-way.

REFRAIN.

'Twas a hap - py day when Je - sus wash'd, Wash'd my sins,

sins a-way, O, hap - py day when Je-sus wash'd, Wash'd my sins a-way.

Oh, It is Wonderful.

E. C. GREEN. Rewritten.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



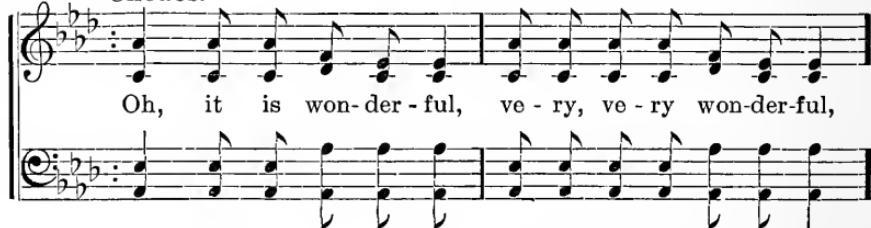
1. Can it be that Jesus bought me, And on the hallowed cross atoned for me,
2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Saved me from wandering and brought me near;
3. It was months He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the precious hour;
4. From that hour He has been seeking, How He may fill me with His precious love;



Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a precious, precious Friend is He?
Free - ly now His grace bestowing, Jesus is growing unto me more dear.
When I should at last be yielding, Yielding to Jesus ev'ry ransomed pow'r.
How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the fellowship of saints above.

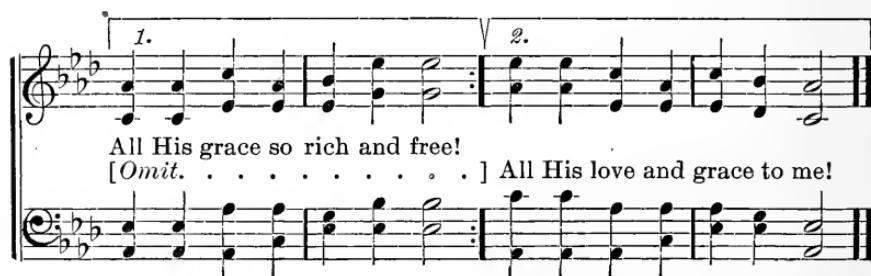


CHORUS.



All His grace so rich and free!

[Omit.] All His love and grace to me!



5 As I think of all, I marvel
Why in such patience He my good
has sought,
And bestowed His grace upon me,
And in my spirit such a change
has wrought.

6 So I cry, with love o'erflowing;
"Unto the Savior be eternal
praise,"
Who redeemed me, soul and body
Filling with gladness all my
earthly days.

Take Hold of the Life Line.

49

LEONARD WEAVER.

To REV. HENRY OSTROM.

As sung by Harry L. Maxwell.

W. C. WEEDEN.

1. My brother, the glad gospel message I bring, Pro-claim-ing sal - va-tion from
 2. The gos-pel a-lone is the pow - er of God, To save and to res-cue from
 3. O, come, and as Pe-ter, when sink-ing, did pray, "I per-ish, I per-ish, Lord.
 4. O, why do you tar-ry? why long-er de-lay? Each moment you're drifting still

bondage and sin; 'Tis Je-sus, the Savior, who died on the tree, That bids me to
 sin's dismal flood; O brother, cease struggling from sin to be free; Take hold of the
 save me to-day?" Then, brother, His glorious sal-va-tion you'll see, For now is the
 farther a - way; Ac-cept of the mer-ey now offered to thee, Take hold of the

CHORUS.

throw out the life line to thee,
 life line now offered to thee, } Take hold of the life line, my brother, to-day! Take
 life line pre-sent-ed to thee, }
 life line, an i saved thou shalt be.

hold of the life line! O, do not de - lay; You are sink-ing, my brother, be -

- neath the dark wave, But Je - sus is wait-ing this mo - ment to save.

Precious Truth.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. For the blessed source of truth We are seek-ing in our youth, While the
 2. O the precious, precious truth We are seek-ing in our youth, Makes our
 3. From the straight and narrow way, We will nev-er, nev-er stray, Our Re-

dear Savior's voice Bids us come and rejoice; To His ev - er gracious call,
 path ev - er bright As we walk in its light; And our Savior's gen-tle care
 - deem - er is near And we know not a fear; For He leads us by His hand

May we answer one and all, To our Sav - ior and King will-ing
 Guides us safe - ly ev'rywhere, O how thank - ful are we for His
 Thro' a good - ly pleasant land, Where the green pastures grow and the

FINE.

hearts we bring. While the days are bright before us, We will join the
 grace so free! With His banner floating o'er us, We will ech - o
 glad streams flow. While He guides the way be-fore us, We will shout a -

* Small notes for organ.

Precious Truth. Concluded.

51

D.S.

Jesus is Calling Now.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

CHORUS.

Oh, I Never Can Forget.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. { Oh, I nev - er can for - get, For it lin - gers with me yet,
 When the bur-den rolled a - way, And my night was turnd to day,
 { I re - mem - ber it so well, And my grief I can not tell,
 2. { But I turned un - to the Lord, And by trusting in His Word

CHORUS.

The sweet joy when my sins were for-giv'n; } } It was down at the
 Earth seemed almost transformed in - to heav'n. } } When con - vic - tion first came to my soul; } } I was saved and made conscious-ly whole.

feet of the blessed, bless - ed Lord That the bur-den from my heart

rolled a - way,..... It was there I first be - lieved And His

wondrous grace received, And my sins were washed away, happy day!

3.
 Now my heart is full of song,
 Hallelujahs thrill my tongue,
 For His love and His goodness I know;
 How can I but praise His name,
 And His matchless love proclaim, [snow.]
 Who has washed me as white as the

4.
 Brother, burdened with your sin,
 Do you long for peace within?
 Come to Jesus, your Savior and friend;
 Unto Him your sins confess,
 He will pardon, save, and bless,
 And of sorrow and sin make an end.

I am Saved in Jesus.

53

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."—John xiv, 4. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

G. W. D.

1. Good resolves won't save me; E - vil hab - its I for - sake,
 2. Out ward forms won't save me; All the creeds that I have read,
 3 Mor - al life won't save me, Nor a - tone for light re - fused,
 4. Faith in Christ will save me; On His word if I re - ly,

All the wrongs that right I make, All the good I un - der - take,
 All the prayers that I have said, All the tears that I have shed,
 And the tal - ents hid, un - used; If the Christ I fail to choose,
 With His will if I com - ply, He will save and sat - is - fy,

CHORUS.

These a - lone won't save me.
 These can nev - er save me.
 Mor - al life won't save me.
 Faith in Christ will save me. } Je - sus' blood a - toned for me;

This a - lone can make me free; This a - lone a -
 - vails for me: I am saved in Je - sus.

Yes, We're Coming.

DELOSS EVERETT.

In martial style.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. On, come, believe on Je - sus: He'll wipe a - way your tears, And
 2. Oh, come, believe on Je - sus, He will your sins forgive If
 3. Oh, come to-day to Je - sus, He is so kind and true; Just

fill your heart with joy and peace, And ban - ish all your fears; Then
 you'll just take Him at His word,—So come to Christ and live; He
 list - en to His lov-ing voice,—He's call - ing now for you; He

do not lin - ger or de-lay, There's room for mill-ions more Who
 is a lov - ing Sav - - ior; He died for you and me Up-
 bids you come and wel - - come, In all His glo - ry share A-

ad lib.

CHORUS.

may believe on Christ and live With Him forever more. Yes, we're com -
 - on the cross on Cal-va-ry, And made salvation free.
 -round his Father's throne in heav'n, And live forever there. Yes, we're coming to the
 - ing to the Sav - - ior, For He'll wash our sins a -
 Sav-iор, Yes, we're coming to the Sav-iор, For He'll wash our sins a-way, For He'll

Yes, We're Coming. Concluded.

55

way; And we'll live with Him in heav -
wash our sins a-way; And we'll live with Him in Heaven. And we'll live with Him in

- en, In that bright, e - ter - nal day.
heav - en, In that bright, e - ter - nal day, In that bright, e - ter - nal day.

Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T.

May be sung as a Solo.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus bids you come,
2. Je - sus bids you come,
3. Je - sus bids you come,
4. Je - sus bids you come,

Je - sus bids you come, Earn-est-ly for you He's calling,
Je - sus bids you come, Wea - ry trav'ler, do not tar-ry,
Je - sus bids you come, Voic - es may not always call you,
Je - sus bids you come, Where 'tis love and joy for - ev-er,

Gent - ly at thy heart He's pleading, "Come un - to me," "Come un - to me."
Je - sus will thy burden car-ry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?
"Late, too late," may yet befall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"
Where we'll meet to part, no, nev - er, Sin - ner, come home, Oh, come, come home.

The Silver Star.

D. K. EN.

Inscribed to the Sunday-School of the Brooine Street Tabernacle,
New York City.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. On the brow of night there shines a sil-ver star, On the brow of
2. 'Tis the lamp of God high hang-ing in the air, 'Tis the lamp of
3. Bring your gifts of gold of frankincense and myrrh, Bring your gifts of

night there shines a sil - ver star, And the wise men gaze on its
God high hang - ing in the air, And it guides our feet thro' the
gold, of frank - in-cense and myrrh, For the King we own is on

heav'n-ly rays Till they find the King, whose throne they sought afar, In the roy - al street; There is sweet soul-rest For those who seek it there From the Dav-id's throne; Let the ho - ly child your best af-fections stir; 'Tis the

CHORUS.

Babe of Beth - le - hem. Sil - ver star, ho - ly light, shine a -
Sil - ver star, ho - ly light,

- far, o'er the night, Till the world shall come where the
shine a-far, o'er the night,

The Silver Star. Concluded.

57

young child lay, And en - ter the gates of the new born day. A - MEN.

I'm Not Afraid.

H. H. HALL.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Our sighs and tears, They mark the years Which swiftly pass a - way:
 2. Tho' death may seem An end-less dream, Je - sus hath pow'r to save;
 3. In him I'll trust, Tho' in the dust This bo - dy must be laid;

While morn and noon—A-las! how soon—Sob out life's part-ing day.
 He sure - ly will His word ful - fil, And res - cue from the grave!
 He must pre-vail, He can-not fail, Of death I'm not a - fraid.

CHORUS.

It may be near, I have no fear, I'm safe in Je - sus' love;

What-e'er a-larm, His migh - ty arm, Shall bring me safe a - love!

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Little Things.

C. H. PAYNE, D.D., LL.D.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. When you see a mighty for - est, With its tall and stur - dy trees,
 2. When you gaze up - on a mountain, With its proud, ma - jes - tic form
 3. When you see a state-ly tem - ple, Fair and beau - ti - ful and bright,

Lift-ing up their gi - ant branches; Wrestling with the win - try breeze;
 Tow-ring up - ward to the heav-en-s, All un - shak - en by the storm,
 With its loit - y tow'rs and tur - rets Glist'ning in the sun's clear light,

Do not fail to learn the les - son Which the moaning winds re - sound,
 Then re mem - ber that the mountain Is built up of grains of sand,
 Think how soon the no - ble structure Would to shapeless ru - in fall,

Ev - 'ry oak was once an a - corn, All un - no - ticed on the ground.
 Which an in - fant child might scatter With its ti - ny, fee - ble hand.
 Were it not for sure foun-da-tions Firm - ly laid be - neath it all.

4 When you see a goodly nation
 Strong and free and proud and great.
 With its statesmen, scholars, poets,
 All its men of high estate,
 Keep in mind that all these great ones,
 To whom honors high you pay,
 Once were only little people,
 Children such as we to-day.

5 In the building of our temple,
 Noble temple of the state,
 As a refuge of true freemen,
 Both the lowly and the great,
 Do not slight the little builders,
 Let us have some humble place,
 Lay with us the sure foundation,
 Then you'll shout the capstone's grace.

Jesus, We are Coming.

59

Words and Music by GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. In the pre - cious Bi - ble We have oft - en read
 2. When our bless - ed Je - sus Made this earth His home,
 3. We are lit - tle sol - diers March - ing day by day

How God's ho - ly proph - et By the birds were fed.
 He said, "Suf - fer chil - dren Un - to me to come."
 For - ward as for bat - tle Read - y for the fray.

Fa - ther, may we trust Thee, As he did of old,
 Je - sus, we are com - ing, Com - ing one and all;
 We will nev - er fal - ter, Till the foe shall fall,

CHORUS.

That with him we may be In Thy bless-ed fold.
 Ev - er pressing on-ward At Thy bless-ed call. } Heav'n-ly Fa - ther,
 Then with saints in glo - ry Crown Thee Lord of all. }

Hear us while we pray: Lead our foot-steps In the nar-row way.

I Have Redeemed Thee.

Copyright, 1894, by the Hoffman Music Co.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christian, be faith - ful, fol - low me close - ly, I am thy
 2. All of thy sins are free - ly for - giv - en; All of thy
 3. Fear no temp - ta - tion, brave ev - 'ry dan - ger, Meet ev - 'ry

Sav - ior, I am thy Friend; Be not dis-cour-aged, I have re-
 guilt is tak - en a - way; Earn-est - ly on - ward, I have re-
 tri - al, trust-ing in me; On - ly have cour-age, I have re-

deem'd thee; I will be with thee un - to the end.
 deem'd thee; And I will guide thee all of the way.
 deem'd thee; And have a crown in heav - en for thee.

CHORUS.

I have re - deem'd thee, I have re - deem'd thee, I have re-
 And I will crown thee, yes, I will crown thee, (Omit.)

deem'd thee, child of my love, Heir to a throne in heav-en a - bove.

Make Room for Jesus.

61

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

Moderato.

1. The soul who would find full re-l ease from his woes, For the Sav - ior must
2. Tho' fears may be ma - ny and friends may be few, Give Him room and He
3. His touch bids the wounded and dy - ing to live, There is strength in His
4. The tempt-ed and help - less a helper may find, With an arm that is

haste to make room; Must drive from the door whatsoe'er may oppose, Or re - nev - er can fail; The wild - est of storms He will gently subdue, Give Him buck-ler and shield, In con-flict with sin, He the vic'try will give, To His might y to save; He gird-eth the faint, and He leadeth the blind, He is

CHORUS.

- ceive the impen-ident's doom.
room, He will sure-ly pre-vail.

Give Him room, give Him room,
weapons the strongest must yield. } Give Him room, give Him room,

victor of death and the grave.

To thy heart make Him welcome to-day, Make Him room,
yes, to-day, don't de lay.

Make Him room, Make Him wel-come, nor long- er de - lay.
Make Him room,

Triumph By=and=By.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER.



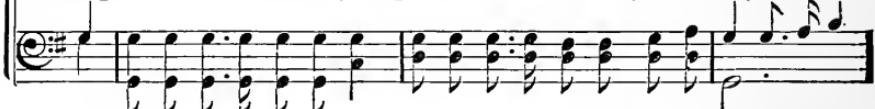
1. The prize is set be - fore us, To win, his words implore us, The
 2. We'll fol-low where he lead-eth, We'll pasture where he feed-eth, We'll
 3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us, But



eye of God is o'er us, From on high, from on high; His loving tones are calling,
 yield to him who pleadeth, From on high, from on high; Then naught from him shall sever,
 Je-sus, dear, to love us, There on high, there on high; We'll give him best endeavor,



While sin is dark, appalling; 'Tis Je-sus gently calling, He is nigh, he is nigh.
 Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, he is nigh.
 And praise his name forever; His precious ones can never, Never die, never die.



CHORUS.



By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with



Jesus reign in glory, By and by, by and by; Jesus reign in glory, By and by.



Jesus is Mine!

63

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.



1. I hear the heav'ly bells to-night, My soul is bath'd in glorious light;
2. Ring out, ring out, ye bells of tho't, Recall to me what God hath wrought;
3. Ring out, ring on, ye joyous bells, Combined your pow'r His praise to swell;
4. Ring out, ring on, ye bells of love, For me the Savior shed His blood,



Oh, that I could the rap-ture tell, That comes to me thro' each sweet bell.
My soul to save from guilt and sin, That I might ev-er live with Him.
For peace and joy now dwells within, Where reign'd the gloomy night of sin.
A-maz-ing grace! up-on the tree, He gave Him-self to ran-som me.



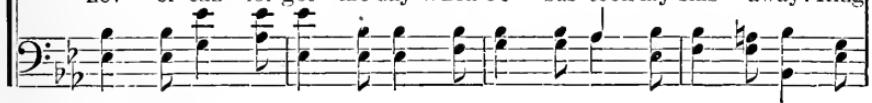
CHORUS.



Then ring, Ring out, I
oh, ring, ye bells sublime, ring on your hap-py chime;



nev-er can for-get the day When Je-sus took my sins away: Ring



rall. ad lib.



out, ring on this bless-ed chime: Je-sus is mine, is mine, is mine.



- 5 Ring out, ring on, ye bells of trust, For God hath said perform He must;
'Tis on His truth my all I stake,
No tempest-storms that Rock can shake.
- 6 Ring out, ring on, ye bells of heaven, 'Tis sweet to know all sin forgiven;
But oh, thy courts I soon shall see,
And share thy full felicity.

What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K.

"Gather my saints together unto me, '—Ps. 1. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home,
 2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that tyme shall be no more,
 3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid-den comes to light,
 4. When the gold - en harps are sounding, and the an - gel bands proclaim,

We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea, crys-tal sea;
 We shall gath - er, and the saved and ran-som'd see, rausom'd see;
 When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see; we shall see;
 In tri-umph - ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee;

With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a - waiting us to come,
 Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright ce - les - tial shore,
 At the bid - ding of our Sav - ior, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

CHORUS.

What a gath'ring of the faith ful that will be! What a gath - -
 What a gath'ring of the

- ring, gath - - - ring At the sounding of the
 loved ones when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

glo-ri-ous ju - bi - lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
 ju - bi - lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the
 gath - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 dear ones meet each other,

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 1. { What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }
 2. { For my cleansing this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 2. { For my par - dou this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }

CHORUS.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
 No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

An Undivided Heart for Christ.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. "My son, give me thy heart," I hear the Sav - ior say; The i - dols thou
 2. An un - di - vid-ed heart the Sav-i-or asks of me, That all my pow'rs
 3. My par-est, warm-est love I con - se-crate to thee; I long have serv'd
 4. My bod - y, soul and spir-it, with their ransom'd pow'rs Shall hence to thee

hast lov'd, O cast them all a - way! I hear the lov - ing call, "Thy to him shall con - se - crat-ed be, I own the claim di-vine, and the world, its sin and van - i - ty; Hence-forth my life shall show the be-long, my mo-ments and my hours; I count-ed them as mine, they

love, I want it all," And in these solemn courts, I pay my vows to-day. bring this heart of mine, And cov - e-nant to serve him with fi-del - i - ty. love to thee I owe, My heart shall be thine own to all e - ter-ni - ty. shall be whol-ly thine; Thou hast a rightful claim upon these hearts of ours.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, I bring it now, I bring an un - di - vid-ed heart; I give it in
 con - se - cra-tion un - to thee; Take it, O Lord, di-vine, I call it no
 long - er mine, It shall be thine, it shall be thine, To all e - ter - ni - ty.

Are You Washed in the Blood?

67

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you
 2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Sa-vior's side? Are you
 3. When the Bridegroom com-eth, will your robes be white, pure and
 4. Lay a-side the garments that are stained with sin, And be

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trust-ing in his
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the

CHORUS.

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
 Cru-ci-fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 mansions bright, And he washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 soul un-clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

The Lord is my Shepherd.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

M. E. UPHAM.

1. I have a Shepherd, one I love so well, What He is to me
 2. Pas-tures a-bun-dant doth His hand pro-vide, Still wa-ters flowing
 3. When I would wander from the path a-stray, Then He doth draw me
 4. When the work is o-ver and the journey done, Then He will lead me

tongue can nev-er tell; On the cross He suf-fered, shed His blood, and
 ev-er at my side; Good-ness and mer-cy fol-low on my
 back in-to the way; In the dark-est val-ley I need fear no
 safe-ly to my home; There I shall dwell in rap-ture pure and

died, That I might ev-er in his love con-fide.
 track, With such a Shep-herd noth-ing can I lack.
 ill, For He my Shep-herd will be with me still.
 sweet, And with all the loved ones gath-er at His feet.

CHORUS.

Fol-low-ing Je-sus ev-er day by day, Noth-ing have
 Dark-ness or sun-shine, what-e'er be-fall. Je-sus, the

I to fear when He leads the way;
 Sav-iour (Omit.....) Is my all in all.

Send Us out as Gleaners.

69

JOHN S. B. MONSELL. Cho. by J. W. V.

C. F. PRICE. Arr. by G. B.

1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whitens o'er the plain, Where
 2. As la-bor's in Thy vine - yard, Send us, O Christ, to be Con -
 3. Come down, Thou Ho-ly Spir - it! And fill our souls with light, Clothe

angels soon shall gather Their sheaves of golden grain; Accept these hands to - tent to bear the bur-den Of wea-ry days for Thee; We ask no oth - er us in spotless raiment, In lin-en clean and white; Beside Thy sa-cred

la-bor, These hearts to trust and love, And deign with them to hast-en Thy wages, When Thou shalt call us home, But to have shared the travail Which al - tar Be with us, where we stand, To sanc - ti - fy Thy peo-ple Thro'

CHORUS.

kingdom from a - bove. } makes Thy kingdom come. } Ac-cept our all, dear Sav-i-or, Thy promis - es we all this hap-py land. }

claim; Oh, send us out as glean-ers To la - bor in Thy name.

The Master is Calling.

DANIEL MARCH.

JAS. H. ROBINSON.

1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus call - ing, " Will you go and work to-day ?"
 2. Let none hear you id - ly say - ing, " There is nothing I can do,"
 3. Take the task he gives you glad-ly, Let His work your pleasure be;

Fields are white, and harvests waiting, Will you bear the sheaves a-way ?
 While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas-ter calls for you.
 Answer quick-ly now He call-eth, Here am I, send me, send me.

CHORUS.

Loud and long the Mas-ter call - eth, Rich re-ward He of-fers free;

Will you answer, glad-ly say - ing, Blessed Lord, send me, send me.

Come away to Jesus Now.

71

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Oh, why thus stand with re-luc-tant feet, Just on the verge
2. The Spir-it strives, and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss
3. Your loved ones gone to the oth-er shore, With un-seen hands
4. The touch of death is up-on your frame, The mar-ble slab

of this rest so sweet? While God in-vites and your steps will greet,
and the glo-ry land; Re-treat is death in the sink-ing sand,
seem to beck-on o'er; Their voic-es hushed, yet they still im-plore,
soon will bear your name; Lest you should suf-fer e-ter-nal shame,

CHORUS.

Come a-way to Jesus now. Come away to Je-sus, Come a-
Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way,

way to Je-sus, Come a-way to
Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way, Come a-way to

Je-sus, Come a-way to Je-sus now.
Je-sus, come a-way,

I'll go to Jesus.

E. JONES.

P. KEIL, Jr.

DUET. *Andante.*

1. Come, trembling sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re-volve,
 2. Prostrate I'll lie before His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
 3. Perhaps He will ad-mit my plea, Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;

QUARTET.

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve:-
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone With-out His sovereign grace.
 But, if I per-ish, I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there.
 For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die.

CHORUS.

I'll go to Je-sus, I'll go to Je-sus, I'll go to Je-sus
 I'll go to Je-sus, I'll go to Je-sus, I'll go to Je-sus

tho' my sins like mountains round me close; I'll go to Je-sus, I'll go to Je-sus

rall.

go to Je-sus, I know his courts I'll enter in, Whate'er may oppose.
 I'll go to Je-sus, I know his courts I'll enter in, Whate'er may oppose.

He Saves to the Uttermost.

73

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CARYL FLORIO.

1. Our bless-ed Re-deem-er came down from a - bove To
2. Be - hold, He is call - ing! No long - er de - lay; His
3. Come hith - er, ye thirst - y, wher - e'er you may be, Life's
4. O come to the ban - quet pre - pared for the world, And

bring us good tid - ings of wonder - ful love; Then list - en with
arms are extend - ed in mer - cy to - day; He waits to be
wa - ters are flow - ing, sal - va - tion is free; O come with - out
rest 'neath His standard so wide - ly un - furl'd; There's room, and the

gladness, His message re - ceive:-He saves to the ut - termost
gracious, your souls to re - ceive:-He saves to the ut - termost
mon - ey, full par - don re - ceive:-He saves to the ut - termost
welcome that all may re - ceive:-He saves to the ut - termost

REFRAIN.

all who be - lieve. He saves to the ut - ter-most, Saves to the

ut - ter-most, Saves to the ut - ter-most All who be - lieve.

Come, oh, Come.

Chorus by L. W.

Evangelist LEONARD WEAVER. Arr. by G. B.

1. Just as thou art, with-out one trace Of love or joy or in-ward grace,
 2. Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest, Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
 3. Come, leave thy burden at the cross, Count all thy gains but empty dross;
 4. Come, hith-er bring thy bod-ing fears, Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
 5. The Spir-it and the Bride say, come; Re-joic-ing saints re-ech-o, come;

Or meet-ness for the heav'n-ly place, O wea-ry sin-ner, come.
 Christ gives re-lief to hearts op-prest; O wea-ry sin-ner, come.
 His grace re-pays all earth-ly loss; O wea-ry sin-ner, come.
 'Tis mer-ey's voice sa-lutes thine ears; O wea-ry sin-ner, come.
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come; All heav-en bids you come.

CHORUS.

Come, oh, come to Jesus while you may, Come, oh, come, and come without delay;

Oh, hear Him pleading, why not to-day? All heav-en bids you come.

Tell it to Jesus.

75

Matt. xiv. 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
 4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?
 Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
 Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
 Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's coming King-dom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth-er

such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

God is Able to Deliver Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

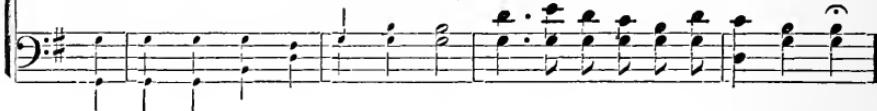
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



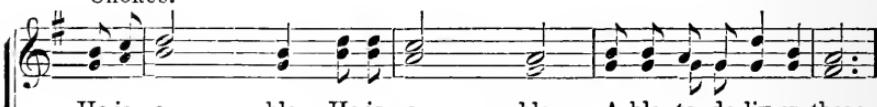
1. From ev -'ry dan-ger,doubt and fear, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;
2. From fierce temptations, sub-tle snares, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;
3. In sor-row's dark and heav-y night, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;
4. Then trust Him e'en thro'flood and flame,God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;
5. When passing thro' the val - ley chill, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;



His might-y pres-ence ev - er near, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.
 His love is swift - er than thy pray'rs, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.
 His word commands the dayspring bright, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.
 He liv - eth ev - er-more the same, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.
 His love will be a-round thee still, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.



CHORUS.



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, A-ble to de-liv-er thee;
 a-ble to deliver, a-ble to deliver,



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.
 a-ble to de-liv-er, a-ble to de-liv-er,



Christ Victorious.

77

EVALYN COUARD, Deaconess,
New York City.

KATE O. CURTS, Deaconess,
New York City.

Moderato.

1. Walking dai - ly with the Master, List'ning hour - ly to His voice;
2. Lift - ing bur - dens for our neighbors That are great - er than our own,
3. Trusting quiet - ly in as-sur-ance That our Mas - ter doth partake

Helping Him.. His sheaves to gather—In His work.. our hearts rejoice.
 Helping those.. who faint around us To ap - proach the roy-al throne.
 Of our tri - als and our triumphs; We shall win... for “Jesus’ sake.”

CHORUS.

Marcato.

Christ vic - to-rious! oh, the glo - ry Of the glad tri-umph-ant song—

When the na-tions learn the sto - ry And to Je - sus Christ be - long.

Fall into Line, Boys.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

TO THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. We've en - list - ed in the ar-my of the Lord, And de-pending on the
 2. We will fol - low our Commander up the way. He will lead us out of
 3. We will climb the hills of glo - ry by and by, Lay our ar-mor at the

glo - ri - ous re - ward; For the Sav - ior paid the price, Yes, He
 dark-ness in - to day; In the pow - er of His might, We will
 gate - way in the sky; All the loved ones we shall meet, As we

made the sac - ri-fice: Hal - le - lu - jah ! We are trusting in His word.
 bat - tle for the right; Hal - le - lu - jah ! We will nev - er go a - stray.
 march the golden street: Hal - le - lu - jah ! O, the day is draw-ing nigh.

CHORUS.

Fall in-to line, boys, Fall in-to line, boys; Put the
 Fall in-to line, boys, Fall in-to line, boys,
 gos - pel ar-mor on, Don't you wander by the way; Fall into line, boys.
 Fall in-to line, boys.

3

rall.

Repeat pp.

Fall in-to line, boys, In our Leader's name we're sure to win the day.
 Fall into line.boys,

Step Out on the Promise.

From "The Highway." Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER. By per.

3

1. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
 2. O ye that are hun-gry and thirst - y, re - joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troubled
 4. Step out on this prom-ise, and Christ thou shalt win, "The blood of His

3

wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
 soul! there's a prom - ise for thee, There's rest, wea-ry - one, in the
 Son - cleanseth us from all sin," It cleans - eth me now, hal - le -

#

word of thy God; Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
 ban-quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
 bo - som of God; Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
 - lu - jah to God; I rest on the promise,—I'm un-der the blood.

Songs that Mother Sang.

A. B.

WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF MY DEAR MOTHER.

A. BIERLY.

DUET. SOP. & ALTO.

Andante.

1. Hark! I hear a soft re-fain, Echoing to and fro; 'Tis a
 2. Love and kind-ness that dear heart Fill'd to o-ver-flow; Strong in
 3. What the cares of that sweet soul, None will ev-er know; 'Mid them
 4. By and by her spir-it fled, At her Lord's command; Now with
 m
 rit.
 song that mother sang In the long a-go So sweet and low:
 faith, her soul would sing In the long a-go So sweet and low:
 all of heav'n she sang In the long a-go So sweet and low:
 an-gels moth-er sings, In the glo-ry-land So sweet and grand:

CHORUS. *After first verse.*

O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Sav-i-or and my God!
 Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all abroad.
 D.C.
 Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way.

After second verse.

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-i-or di-vine;

From "Golden Grain, No. 1," by per. of A. Bierly, Publisher.

D.C.

After third verse.

D.C.

After last verse.

The Pharisee and Publican.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

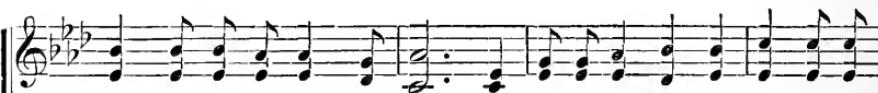
W. S. WEEDEN.



1. There went to the tem-ple to of-fer up prayer, A Pub - li - can and
2. The Pub - li - can stood and smote on his breast, Not dar - ing to
3. The Pub - li - can's prayer for mer-cy was heard, He was blest and for -



Phar - i - see bold: And you who are hop-ing by works to be saved, Pray,
look to the sky, For he felt his con-di - tion and owned with contrition, No
- giv - en that day; Whilst he who came boasting received not the blessing, De



list to the sto - ry so old. The Phar-i - see stood and prayed with him-
mer - it had he to come nigh. Have mer-cy, O God! on a sin - ner like
- ceived he went emp-ty a - way. Then trust not your goodness to save you from



- self And glo - ried in what he had done; As if by his mer - it he
me, This alone was the cry of his heart; Whilst the Phar-i - see wondered why
sin, Plead on - ly God's mer - cy so free; And then you be - liev-ing, His



CHORUS.

thought to in-her - it A place in the heav'n-ly home.
God did not bid, The Pub - li - can sin-ner de-part. } It's not by my
fa - vor re-ceiv-ing, The glo - ries of heav'n shall see.

work-ing, it's not by my praying, Sal - va-tion from sin can be won; It

is by be-liev-ing, It is by re-ceiv-ing, I'm saved thro' faith in God's Son.

The Lord's Prayer.

Matt vi.

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | name ; || Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, : as it | is in | heaven ;
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread ; || And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil ; || For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

Waiting by the Open Door.

JOHN M'GLASHAN and J. W. V.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Sweetly comes the ho - ly greet-ing From the bright immortal shore,
 2. Sweeter far than breath of morn-ing, To the rose-bud opening fair,
 3. Ten - der - ly the Sav-ior whis-per-s, "I am with thee to the end;

To the hearts in patience wait - ing, Wait-ing by the o - pen door;
 Is the bliss to fond hearts yearning, Joined in sweet communion here;
 Come, thou wea-ry hea-vy la - den, I will ev - er be thy friend."

From our loved ones o'er the riv - er, Freed from sorrow ev - er - more,
 Loves we lost once, pure and ten - der, Heav'n in kindness doth re-store;
 Noth-ing like the love of Je - sus— We have tried it o'er and o'er—

Joy and peace they bring us ev - er, Wait-ing by the o - pen door.
 Hearts are fill'd with love and won - der, Wait-ing by the o - pen door.
 As we stand with full as - sur - ance, Wait-ing at the o - pen door.

CHORUS.

Peace and joy beyond ex - pression, Raptures all unknown be - fore,



Life and love, without ces - sa - tion, Greet us by the o - pen door.



Amazing Grace.

NEWTON.

Slow.

J. G. FCOTE.

Musical notation for 'Amazing Grace' in common time, key signature is B-flat major. The music is divided into two staves: treble and bass. The lyrics are as follows:

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That sav'd a wretch like me,
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares I have al - read - y come;

S.

FINE.

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.



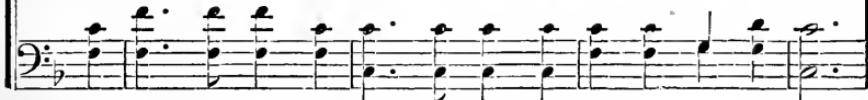
D. S.—Was sav'd by grace, am kept by grace, This theme my song shall be.

CHORUS.

D. S.



A - maz - ing grace! a - maz - ing grace, How sweet its sound to me,



* From "New Hymns, by per."

Savior, Keep Me Near Thee.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Sav-i-or, make me pure with - in, Cleanse my heart from ev-'ry sin,
 2. Guide my feet, dear Lord, I pray, In the true and ho - ly way;
 3. Foes around are great and strong, Hear them call-ing loud and long;

Take my e - vil thoughts a - way, Keep me near Thee day by day.
 Be my strength in ev - 'ry hour, Shield me from the tempter's pow'r.
 But the way Thy - self hast trod I would fol - low home to God.

CHORUS.

My gracious Lord,..... dear Friend and Guide,..... O keep me
 My gracious Lord, dear Friend and Guide,

near..... Thy blessed side;..... My gracious Lord,....dear Friend and

O keep me near Thy blessed side; My gracious Lord,

Guide,..... O keep me near..... Thy blessed side.....
 dear Friend and Guide, O keep me near Thy blessed side, Thy blessed side.

On Calvary There Stood a Cross.

87

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. WELCH.

Slow.

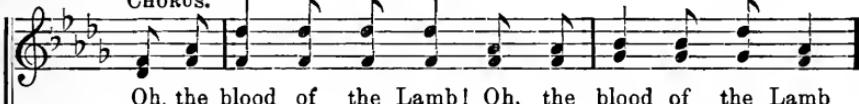


1. On Cal - va - ry there stood a Cross, And nailed thereon was One
2. There the Re-deem-er gave His blood To ran-som me from sin,
3. Up - on that Cross, that bit - ter Cross, My weight of guilt He bore,
4. Be - fore that cross I weep and pray, And worship and a - dore,

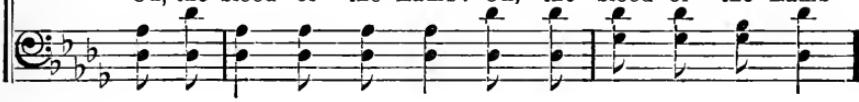


Who was the bear - er of my sin, God's well-be - lov - ed Son.
And made an end of all my guilt, And brought redemption in.
Se - cured a clear-ance for my sins; My soul can ask no more.
And God's free grace I will ex - tol And laud for ev - er - more.

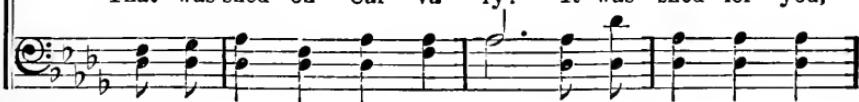
CHORUS.



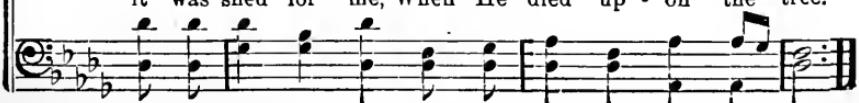
Oh, the blood of the Lamb! Oh, the blood of the Lamb



That was shed on Cal - va - ry! It was shed for you,



it was shed for me, When He died up - on the tree.



Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D.
*Duet.*Rev. J. M. DRIVER. by per.
Full Chorus.

1. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain;
 2. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way;
 3. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: JE - SUS pro-vides a rest:

Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Wake the im - mor - tal strain!
 Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day;
 Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest

An-gels with rapt-ure announce it, Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it;
 Calling from Calvary's mountain, Down from the crys-tal bright fountain
 Rest in those mansions a-bove us, With those who've gone on before us,

Sin-ner, oh! wont you be-lieve it? Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
 E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
 Singing the rapt - ur - ous cho - rus, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful! won - der - ful!
 Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: won-der - ful sto - ry of love.

Won - der - ful!
Won - der-ful sto - ry of love: won-der - ful sto - ry of love!

At the Cross I'll Abide.

I. B.

"And many women were there."—Matt. 27:55.

I. BALTZELL.

1. O Je - sus, Sav-ior, I long to rest Near the cross where Thou hast died.
 2. My dy - ing Je - sus, my Savior God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
 3. O Je-sus, Savior, now make me Thine, Nev-er let me stray from Thee;
 4. The cleansing pow'r of Thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin re-move;

For there is hope for the aching breast, At the cross I will a - bide.
 Now wash me, cleanse me with Thine own blood, Ev-er keep me pure and clean.
 Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for Thou art mine, And Thy love is full and free.
 Oh, help me, while at Thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with per-fect love.

CHORUS.

At the cross, I'll a - bide, At the cross, I'll a - bide,

At the cross, I'll abide, At the cross, I'll abide,

At the cross I'll abide, There His blood is applied; At the cross I am sanctified.

Soldiers of the Lord.

JOSHUA SMITH.

A. BEIRLY.

1. We are sol - diers true and val - iant in the ar - my of the Lord,
 2. We are bold - ly marching onward, with the Right we're keeping pace,
 3. For - ward, sol - diers, ev - er forward! let there be no room for fear,

We shall con - quer in the bat - tle, by the pow - er of His word,
 And we'll help to make for Je - sus, in this world of sin a place,
 Christ will more than keep His promise, with the loy - al and sincere;

If we nev - er faint nor fal - ter, we shall sure - ly nev - er fail,
 For the cross shall be our standard, and we'll nev - er turn a - side,
 On - ward ! comrades, ev - er onward ! till all na - tions 'neath the sun,

CHORUS.

For the Lord has promis'd that we shall prevail. } Marching on,..... yes,
 But to Christ our Captain ever true a - bide. }
 To the cause of Je-sus are for - ev - er won. } Marching on,

march-ing on, Sol - diers true we're marching
 yes,marching on, Soldiers true

Soldiers of the Lord. Concluded.

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on,..... If we nev - er faint nor fal - ter, we shall
we're marching on,

sure - ly nev - er fail, For the Lord has promis'd that we shall prevail.

Nothing but Thy Blood.

Words arr. by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

Music arr. by W. S. WEEDEN.

FINE.

1. { Je-sus, see me at Thy feet, Nothing but Thy blood can save me; }
{ Thou a - lone my need canst meet, Nothing but Thy blood can save me. }

D.C.—To Thy cross, O Lamb of God, Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

REFRAIN.

D.C.

No, no, nothing do I bring, But by faith I'm cling - ing
No, no, no, no,

2 See my heart, Lord, torn with grief,
Precious Savior, send relief.

4 All that I can do is vain,
I can ne'er remove a stain.

3 As I am, oh, hear me pray,
I can come no other way.

5 Lord, I cast myself on Thee.
From my guilt, oh, set me free.

Will You Go?

Old English Melody. Arr. by G. B.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly,
 Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road of fol - ly,
 In that bless - ed land neith-er sigh - ing nor an - guish
 2. Ye heart-bur - dened ones, who in mis - e - ry lan - guish,
 3. No pov - er - ty there; no, the saints are all wealth - y,
 No sick - ness can reach them, that coun-try is health - y.

The hone of the hap - py, the king - dom of love;
 Oh, say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?
 Can breathe in the fields where the glo - ri - fied rove;
 Oh, say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?
 The heirs of His glo - ry, whose na - ture is love;
 Oh, say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

REFRAIN.

Will you go? will you go? Will you go? will you go?
 5. v. We will go! we will go! We will go! we will go!

Repeat pp

Oh, say, will you go to the E - den a - bove.
 Oh, yes, we will go to the E - den a - bove.

4 Each saint has a mansion, prepared and all furnished,
 Ere from his clay house he is summoned to move;
 Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished.
 Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

5 March on, happy pilgrims, the land is before you,
 And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
 Yes, soon shall we walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
 And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

Scattering Precious Seed.

93

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way - side,
2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing,
3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubting, nev - er,

Scat-ter-ing
Scat-ter-ing
Scat-ter-ing

pre - cious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed
pre - cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed
pre - cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sowing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way.
trust-ing, know - ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
and en - deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

CUORUS.

1.

{ Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - - ing at the
Sow - - ing in the eve - - ning (Omit.....

Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon tide,

noon - - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.....
Sowing the precious seed;

by the way.

Come Close to the Saviour.

FANNY CROSBY.

DUET. M. M. =60.

H. R. PALMER, Feb. 20th, 1890.

1. Come close to the Sav-iour, thy lov-ing Redeemer, O sor-rowing heart op-
 2. Come close to the Sav-iour, He calleth thee gentle-ly, Draw nearto thy Fa-ther's
 3. Come close to thy Sav-iour, earth's pleasures are fleeting, But Je sus will care for

press'd, (sorely oppress'd), Life's journey is drear-y, thy spir-it is wea-ry
 throne, (Thy Father's throne), His eyes will behold thee, His mer-cy en-fold thee
 thee, (He'll care for thee), Whatev-er may grieve thee, He nev-er will leave thee,

O come un-to Him and rest. Come close to the Saviour, O why dost thou linger?
 Why car-ry thy grief a - lone? Come close to the Saviour, O trust and remember,
 Thy strength as thy day shall be. Come close to the Saviour, O come as a bird-ling

He know-eth thy heart op - pressed, (sore-ly oppressed), His prom-ise be -
 Thro' tri - als our souls are blest, (rich - ly are blest), What - ev - er be -
 Flies back to it par - ent nest, (flies to its nest) Where peace like a

liev - ing, His message re - ceiv - ing, O come un - to Him and rest.
 tide thee, thy ref-uge will hide thee, O come un - to Him and rest.
 riv - er, flows on-ward for - ev - er, O come un - to Him and rest.

Come Close to the Savior. Concluded.

95

CHORUS. *Slowly, don't hurry.*

CHORUS. *Slowly, don't hurry.*

Rockingham. L. M.

WM. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. What various shining dran- ces we meet In com-ing to the mer- cy seat!
 2. Pray'r makes the darken'd clouds withdraw; Pray'r climbs the ladder Ja- cob saw;
 3. Re-strain-ing pray'r, we cease to fight; Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright;

Yet who that knowsthe worth of pray'r, But wish- es to be oft- en there ?
Gives ex - er-cise to faith and love; Brings ev- ery bless-ing from a-bove.
And Sa-tan trembles when he sees The weak-est saint up - on his knees.

- 4 Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care,

- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

Onward Up the Highway.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

Dedicated to E. W. Dunham.

W. C. WEEDEN.

1. On-ward up the high-way, To the promised land, Moves the gospel
 2. On-ward up the high-way, Vanquishing the foe, Fol-low-ing the
 3. On-ward up the high-way, See the east-ern sky, Ra - di-ant with

ar - my, Je - sus in command; See the host ad-vanc - ing,
 Sav - ior; Shout - ing as we go. Full and free sal - va - tion,
 sun - shine - Morn - ing draw - eth nigh. Soon the gates will o - pen,

On to vic - to - ry! Marching up to Ca - naan, From captiv - i - ty.
 Life for-ev - ermore; Marching to the homeland, On the oth - er shore.
 An - gel hosts appear; Onward, Christian soldier, Vic - to - ry is near.

CHORUS.

On - - - ward, as we journey let us sing, Glo - - -
 On-ward, ev - er on-ward, Glo - ry, hal - le -

- - - - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to the King! On - - - ward up the
 - lu - jah, On-ward, ev - er on-ward

Onward Up the Highway. Concluded.

97

high - way, Let our voic - es ring
Let us make our hap - py voic - es ring, ev - er ring.

We Praise Thee, O Lord.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

A. BEIRLY.

1. We praise Thee, O Lord, For the smile of Thy face, For the health of Thy
2. We praise Thee, O Lord, For the light of Thy love, For the dew of Thy
3. We praise Thee, O Lord, For the strength of Thine arm, For Thy care and pro-
4. We praise Thee, O Lord, For Thy coming a - gain, For Thy glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.

sun-shine, The pow'r of Thy grace,
mer - cy That comes from a - bove.
- tec - tion That shields us from harm.
kingdom, Thy won - der - ful reign.) We praise Thee, dear Savior, A-

- gain and a - gain, We praise Thee, hal-le - lu - jah ! for-ev - er a - men.

From "Golden Grain, No. 1," by per. of A. Beirly, publisher.

Rev. J. E. SPILLMAN.

QUARTETTE.

1. Thou sweet smil-ing Ke - dron, by the sil - ver stream Our Sav-iour would
 2. How damp were the va - pors that fell on His head, How hard was His
 3. O gar - den of Ol - ives, thou dear honored spot, The fame of thy

lin - ger in moonlight's soft beam, And by thy bright wa - ters 'till
 pil - low, how hum - ble His bed, The an - gels be - hold - ing, a -
 won - ders shall ne'er be for - got, The theme most trans - port - ing to

midnight, would stay, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
 mazed at the sight, At - tend - ed their mas - ter with sol - emn de - light.
 Ser - aphs a - bove, The tri - umph of sor - row, the tri - umph of love.

CHORUS.

Come saints and a-dore Him, come bow at His feet, O give Him the

glo - ry and praise that is meet, Let joy - ful ho - san - nabs un -



Yield not to Temptation.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

CHORUS.

Pass It On.

Rev. HENRY BURTON, A. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not
 2. Did you hear the lov-ing word! Pass it on, pass it on! Like the
 3. Have you found the heav'ly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are

given for thee a-lone, Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav-el down the sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu-sic live and grop-ing in the night, Daylight gone, daylight gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

years, Let it wipe an-oth-er's tears; Till in heav'n the deed appears,
 grow, Let it cheer an-oth-er's woe; You have reaped what others sow,
 high, Be a star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die,

D.S.—Christ, you live a-gain, Live for Him, with Him you reign,

FINE. CHORUS.

Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, Pass it on, pass it on! pass it on, Cheerful

D.S.
 word or loving deed, Pass it on, Live for self, you live in vain; Live for
 pass it on,

A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

101

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.



1. We have a Rock, a safe re-treat, A shelter in the time of storm.
2. O Rock of A - ges, al ways sure. A shelter in the time of storm.
3. With-in the cleft we safe-ly hide, A shelter in the time of storm.
4. O Rock of A - ges, hide Thou me, A shelter in the time of storm.



A sure foun - da - tion for our feet, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Where wea - ry pil - grims rest se - cure, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
And there would ev - er-more a - bide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
And ev - er keep me close to Thee, A shel-ter in the time of storm.



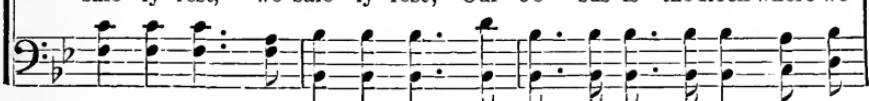
CHORUS.



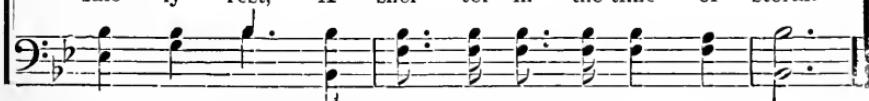
Our Je - sus is the Rock where we safe - ly rest, We



safe - ly rest, we safe - ly rest; Our Je - sus is the Rock where we



safe - ly rest, A shel - ter in the time of storm.



Cheer for the Thirsty.

C. W. R.

SOLO OR SELECT VOICES.

O. W. RAY.

1. May faint-ing souls approach the Lord, And ev - er wel-come be?
 2. Shall all who come be sure to find, The wa-ters full and free?
 3. May halt and blind and guilt - y come, And drink as well as we?
 4. May the de - spair-ing be made whole, If to this fount they flee?

CHORUS ECHO.

FULL CHORUS.

O can it be? Can it be? Trust - ing to the Sav-ior's word; O
 let them come and see! Come and see! Come and see!

DUET. *After last stanza repeat with full chorus.*

Wondrous fountain of sal - va - tion, Free for ev - ry tribe and na - tion;
 Free to all of ev - ry sta - tion, Fount of life for - ev - er free!

My Spirit is Free.

103

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D.D. By per.

1. I fol - low the footsteps of Je-sus, my Lord, His Spir-it doth
 2. A lep - er He found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From which He a -
 3. A cap-tive in woe to my pris-on of night, The Mas-ter hath
 4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For sin-ners from

lead me a - long; I walk in the pathway made plain by His word,
 lone can set free; He speake, in His mer - cy, "I will, be thou clean,"
 o - pen'd the door; Shout a-loud of de - liv'rance, ye an - gels of light,
 sor - row and woe; Sing a-loud of His grace who my pardon has bought,

REFRAIN.

And He fills all my soul with this song.
 And He instant - ly pur - i - fied me.
 Praise His name, O my soul, ev - er - more,
 For His blood washes whit - er than snow.

Glo - ry to God, my

spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God, He pur - i - fies me; I'm

walking the thorn path, but joyful I'll be While following Je - sus my Lord.

Jesus Tenderly Calling.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi: 28.
J. G. FOOTE.

JOHN.

1. Je-sus is call-ing, ten-der-ly call-ing, Sin-ner, thy Sav- ior now
 2. Sin-ner,'tis Je-sus, like the good Shepherd, Out on the des-ert to
 3. Prod-i-gal son, thy Fa-ther is wait-ing, Anxious and long-ing for
 4. Chiefest of sin-ners Je-sus will wel-come, Be of good cheer, He will

pleads for thee; Stand-ing and knock-ing, anx-i-ous-ly wait-ing,
 find His sheep; When He hath found it Heav-en re-joic-es;
 thy re-turn; He will for-give thee, wel-come and bless thee,
 say to thee; He will re-move your ev-'ry transgres-sion,

D.S.—Will you not heed His ten-der en-treat-ies?

FINE. ORUS.

Long-ing to save thee and set thee free.
 Sin-ner, thy Sav- ior can save and keep. }
 Glad-ly em-brace thee: then why not come? } Je-sus is call-ing,
 Blot-ting them out, and will set thee free. }

Why not re-cieve Him, His voice o - bey?

ten-der-ly call-ing, Sin-ner, He pleads, oh, hear Him to-day;

From "New Hymns," by per.

D.S.

A Happy Band are We.

105

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Wake the strain, the glad refrain, A hap - py band are we! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. Hear the bu - gle notes resound, The Savior sends the call; Who - so-ev - er

praise the Lord! We'll sound the jubilee!
 will may come; He asks to save you all; Send a shout upon the breeze, Pro -
 Trust in Him for saving pow'r, For
 D.S.—Wake the strain, the glad refrain, A

FINE.
 - claim it far and wide—Sing a-loud the precious name of Je - sus cru - ci-fied.
 keeping grace di-vine; Je-sus waits to welcome you—O sin - ner, fall in line.
 hap - py band are we! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord! We'll sound the jubilee!

REFRAIN.

Ready! steady! always brave and true, Marching onward all the journey thro';

D.S.
 Forward! upward! thro' the heat and cold; Glory! glo - ry! we are soldiers bold!

Crown Him.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. { Crown Him, crown Him! o - ver all na-tions vic - to - rious,
 Crown Him, crown Him! tell of His king-dom all - glo - rious,
 2. { Crown Him, crown Him! now and for - ev - er a - dore Him,
 Crown Him, crown Him! ye, who have wander'd, im-plore Him,

Shout ho - san - na! Je - sus has come to reign; }
 Raise the stand - ard, ev - er His cause main - tain.
 Lo, He com - eth! glad - ly the news pro - claim; }
 Seek His par - don, He will your souls re - claim;

Laud Him! praise Him, join in the mighty cho - rus, Joy - ful sing the
 Hail Him! bless Him! worship and fall be - fore Him, Joy - ful sing the

CHORUS.

song with its glad re - frain. Crown Him, crown Him! wor-ship the

King of Sal - va-tion, Shout ho - san - na! Je-sus has come to reign!

We're on the way to Canaan's Land. 107

REV. H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. From Egypt's cru - el bond - age fled, O - be dient to our
 2. Thro' wil - der - ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our
 3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con - trols, A crys - tal stream our
 4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our on - ward
 5. Ere long, the Riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ran - soned host at

Lord's command, And by his word and spir - it led, We're
 steps a - right, Be - hold to prove his pres - ence here. The
 need sup - plies, He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls, With
 march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict he is near, Whose
 his right hand; And there re - ceive a wel - come sweet, From

CHORUS.

on the way to Ca naan's Land! We're on the way, A
 clouu by day, the fire by night!
 dai - ly man - na from the skies!
 pres - ence cheers us on the way.
 our dear Lord to Ca-naan's Land!

pil - grim band; We're on the way to Canaan's land; Di-

vine - ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

Our True Friend.

MRS. C. N. PICKOP.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



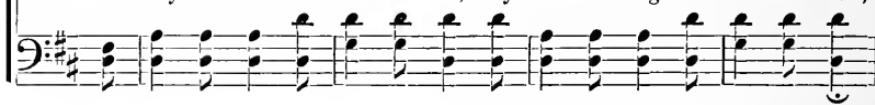
1. We have a Friend who loves us well, Bless His name,bless His name;
2. 'Tis He who dries the mourner's tears, Bless His name,bless His name;
3. His ev - er - last - ing love so true, Bless His name,bless His name,
4. Should we not love Him in re-turn? Bless His name,bless His name,



He loves us more than tongue can tell, Bless His ho - ly name.
 Dis - pels our doubts,al - lays our fears, Bless His ho - ly name.
 Led Him to die for me, for you, Bless His ho - ly name.
 Oh yes, our hearts with in us burn, Bless His ho - ly name.



He bought our pardon on the tree,He bought sal - va-tion full and free,
 He fills our hearts with peace and love,And sends rich blessings from a - bove,
 This Friend is our sup-port and stay,He cheers our hearts from day to day,
 Oh may His love cast out all sin, May Je - sus reign and rule with - in,



For all mankind, for you, for me, Bless His ho - ly name.
 To cheer us as we on-ward move, Bless His ho - ly name.
 When earth-born hopes have fled a - way, Bless His ho - ly name.
 And help us blood-bought heav'n to win, Bless His ho - ly name.



Our True Friend. Concluded.

109

CHORUS.

Bless His name, bless His name, Bless His ho - ly name;
He bought sal - va - tion full and free, Bless His ho - ly name.

HENRIETTA LAWTON FISHER.

We are Thine.

GEO. BEAVERTON.

Moderato.

1. Precious Sa - vior, we are Thine, Thine by right and choice; Let Thy
2. Precious Sa - vior, we are Thine; We have heard Thy voice Call-ing
3. Precious Sa - vior, we are Thine, Bought with won - drous price; May we

CHORUS.

love around us shine: Make our hearts re-joice.
gently, come, be mine, Make my yoke thy choice. } Precious Savior, we are Thine,
in Thy kingdom shine, With Thine own re - joice.

Thine in life to be; Precious Savior, we are Thine Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

Trying to Shine for Jesus.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. In a world of sor-row, in a world of tears, Where so man - y
 2. We will light the pathway for the weak and lone, And make God's sweet
 3. We will scatter sunshine everywhere we go, Light-en oth-er's
 4. We will cheer the wear-y all the way a-long, Thrill their hearts with



shad-ows fill the roll - ing years: We will scat - ter sun-shine
 mes - sage of sal - va - tion known; We will tell the sto - ry
 bur - dens, lift the weight of woe, Sing - ing songs of glad - ness
 cour - age and in - spir - ing song; Com - fort them and bless them,



ev - 'ry pass-ing day, Wak-ing joy and gladness, and cheering the way.
 of redeem-ing love, Pointing all earth's pilgrims to heaven a-bove.
 with each passing day, Driving care and sor-row and darkness a-way.
 love and help be - stow, Shine the love of Je - sus wher-ev - er we go.



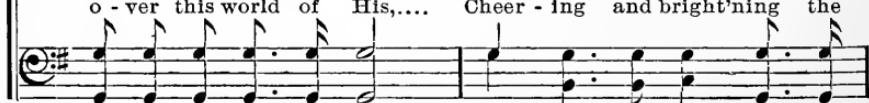
CHORUS.



We are the chldren of the Prince of Peace, Scatt'ring the sunshine



o - ver this world of His..... Cheer - ing and bright'ning the



pathway here be-low, Trying to shine for Je-sus wherev-er we go.

Blessed be the Name.

Words and Music arr. by Rev. O. E. MURRAY.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 3. It soothes the troubled sinner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 5. There's music in the Savior's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

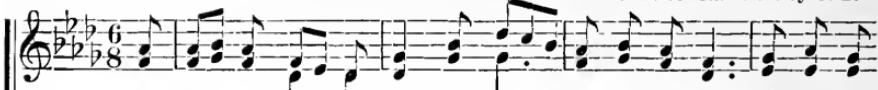
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 It gives the wea-ry sweet-est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 What a dear Sav-ior I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 Let ev'-ry heart His love proclaim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord, the Lord.

Come Unto Me.

C. F. PRICE. Arr. by G. B.



1. O list the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to Me, Come un-to
2. "Come, wea-ry with earth's toils and care, Come un-to Me, Come un-to
3. "Come, ye who have no friends nor home, Come un-to Me, Come un-to
4. "And ye who have both friends and gold, Come un-to Me, Come un-to



Me." It whis-per-s to you ev'-ry day, "Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me. I
Me. Come, I with you my joy will share, Come un-to Me, Come unto Me. Come,
Me. No long-er friendless ye shall roam, Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me. And
Me. In Me, your Sav-i-or now be-hold, Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me. Ye



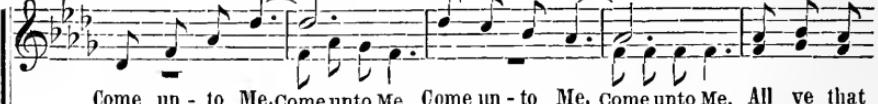
bore the cross on Cal-va-ry, I suf-fered shame and ag-o-ny, I
all your burdens lay a-side, and trust in Me, whate'er be-tide, And
in My Father's house so blest, where all is joy, and peace, and rest. Come
can in no wise en-ter in, un-til you're cleansed from ev'-ry sin. Come



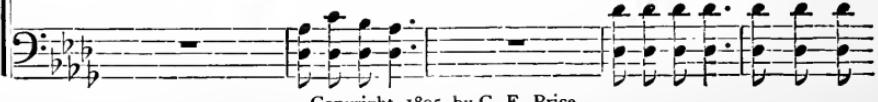
paid the debt to set you free, Come un-to me, Come un-to Me."
I your steps will safe-ly guide, Come un-to me, Come un-to Me."
lean up-on Thy Sav-i-or's breast, Come un-to me, Come un-to Me."
now, and plunge in Calvary's stream, Come un-to me, Come un-to Me."



CHORUS.



Come un-to Me, Come unto Me, Come un-to Me, Come unto Me, All ye that



Come Unto Me. Concluded.

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la - bor and I'll give you rest; 0, come un - to Me,Come un-to Me, 0,
come un - to Me,Come un-to Me, All ye that la.. bor, and I'll give you rest.

Jesus Saves Me Now.

A. C. D.

Joyful.

Furnished by Evangelist LEONARD WEAVER. Arr. by G. B.

FINE.

1. Je-sus hath died and hath ris-en a - gain, Pardon and peace to be - stow; {
Ful-ly I trust Him; from sin's guilty stain, Je - sus saves me now; {
2. Sins condem-na-tion is o - ver and gone, Je-sus a - lone knoweth how; {
Life and Sal-va-tion my soul bath put on: Je - sus saves me now. {

D. C.—Je - sus saves me all the time; Je - sus saves me now,
CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me now; Je - sus saves me now; Yes,
He saves me now; He saves me now;

- 3 Satan may tempt, but he never shall reign, 5 Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin,
That Christ will never allow; Satan to Jesus must bow;
Doubts I have buried, and this is my strain, Therefore I triumph without and with-
“Jesus saves me now.” Jesus saves me now. [in:
4 Resting in Jesus, abiding in Him, 6 Sorrow and pain may beset me about,
Gladly my faith can avow,— Nothing can darken my brow;
Never again need my pathway be dim: Battl'ing in faith, I can joyfully shout:
Jesus saves me now. “Jesus saves me now.”

The Open Tomb.

JOSHUA SMITH.

A. BEIRLY

p

1. The deed was done, the debt was paid, Our Lord was cru - ci - fied;
 2. The night winds sigh'd a - mong the boughs, A-bove the lone-ly way,

The earth in sol - emn awe was wrapt, The Prince of Peace had died;
 Of two as soft - ly they drew nigh, The tomb where Je - sus lay;

A - bove Gol-goth - a's cru - el site The stars their vig - ils gave;
 A - near, in heav'n-ly vest-ure clad, One spoke with an - gel voice;

Be - low the gaards thro' sleepless night In vain watch'd o'er His grave.
 "He is a - ris'n, He is not here;" Let all the earth re - joice.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

Hark, hark! the seal is bro - ken, Be-hold! the tomb is o - pen,

From "Golden Grain, No. 1," by per. of A. Beirly, publisher.

The Open Tomb. Concluded.

115

The stone is rolled a - way,.... The stone is rolled a - way;

Hal - le - lu - jah! He is ris - en, See the place where Je - sus lay!

Hal - le - lu - jah! He is ris - en, See the place where Je - sus lay!

Less of Self.

HENRIETTA LAWTON FISHER.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

Moderato.

1. Less of self' and more of Thee, Lov-ing Sav - ior, is my plea; Ev - er in Thy
 2. Cleanse my heart and keep it pure, Precious Je - sus, leave no more, But a-bide with
 3. Teach my feet to walk the way Leading un - to end-less day; Lov-ing Sav - ior,
 4. May my faith by works be shown Jus-ti-fied by faith a - lone; By Thy blood be

tem - ple dwell, Keep a - way the pow'rs of hell, Keep a-way the pow'rs of hell.
 - in my breast, And no sin can find a rest, And no sin can find a rest.
 this I ask, Draw the line and mark the task, Draw the line and mark the task.
 sanc - ti - fied, In Thy love for - e'er a-bide, In Thy love for - e'er a - bide.

Copyright, 1894, by Geo. Beaverson.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O sin - ner, take heed, When scat - ter - ing seed: What-ev - er you
 2. The moments may fly, The seasons pass by, Your deeds still re -
 3. It's bet - ter to sow Good seed as you go, Then life ev - er -
 4. The seed sow - ing day Will soon pass a - way, The an - gel of

sow you must reap; Wher-ev - er it blows, Like thistles it grows, Tho'
 - main-ing unknown; But sor row and tears Will come with the years, Re -
 - last-ing is yours. I pray do not wait, The prospects are great, Be -
 death draweth near. Oh, will you not yield, And en-ter the field, Be -

CHORUS.

sa - tan may bu-ry it deep. } Whatever you sow you must reap,
 -vealing the seed you have sown. } you must reap,
 -gin while the promise endures. }
 -fore the long shadows appear ? }

What-ev - er you sow you must reap, you must reap ! O sin - ner, take

heed, When scat - ter - ing seed—What-ev - er you sow you must reap.

Blind Bartimeus.

117

Mrs. J. F. K.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Whence Je - sus came, I can-not tell, Nor why He came to me;
 2. When all was dark, One touched my eyes, And that is all I know,
 3. How it was done, I can-not say, Nor e - ven think nor dream;
 4. It is the Son of God ! His grace Makes trembling weakness strong;

One thing I know, and know it well; Tho' I was blind I see!
 For light came down from par-a - dise And set my soul a - glow.
 Nor why a touch of moistened clay Should make things what they seem.
 Wipes tears a - way from sorrow's face, And teach-es grief a song.

CHORUS.

ad lib.

I once was blind but now I see! And that is
 I once was blind but now I see! And that is
 I once was blind but now I see! And that is
 I once was blind but now I see! And that is

tempo
 news e - nough for me, And that is news e-nough for me.
 light e - nough for me, And that is light e-nough for me.
 truth e - nough for me, And that is truth e-nough for me.
 joy e - nough for me, And that is joy e-nough for me.

We'll Never Say Good-bye.

J. G. DAILEY.

1. Yes, the sor - row, pain and woe, That we find where'er we go,
 2. Ties of friendship, strong and true, Bind your dear - est friend to you;
 3. Fa - ther, moth - er, children dear, Whom we've lov'd and cherish'd here,
 4. Praise the Lord, the time will come When we'll all be gathered home,

Fill with bit - ter tears the weeping eyes, When we reach the parting strand,
 And the hours unheed - ed, swift - ly fly, But the time will come to thee
 Wait our com-ing in the by and by; What a meet-ing that will be,
 There to live and reign with God on high; End-less prais-es we shall sing,

And we clasp the parting hand, And we sad - ly speak the last good-bye.
 When those ties will severed be, And you'll sad - ly speak the last good-bye.
 When each oth-er's face we see, And we'll nev - er, nev - er say good-bye.
 In the presence of the King, And we'll nev - er, nev - er say good-bye.

CHORUS.

1-2. But we'll never say good-bye, o . ver yon-der, We will never say good-
 3-4. We will, etc.

bye, o - ver yon-der, As we walk the gold - en street, And each

We'll Never Say Good-bye. Concluded.

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oth - er glad - ly greet, We will nev - er, nev - er say good-bye.

Blessed Be His Name.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

A. BEIRLY

I have found the great sal - va - tion In His name, in His name;
I have found a joy un - ceas - ing In His name, in His name;
O, how sweet is ev - 'ry du - ty In His name, in His name;
I will ev - er tell the sto - ry In His name, in His name;

I am free from cou - dem - na - tion In the Sav - ior's name.
Life and bless - ing still in-creas - ing In the Sav - ior's name.
There is ev - er - last - ing beau - ty In the Sav - ior's name.
I will nev - er cease to glo - ry In the Sav - ior's name.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed, bless - ed be the name, Pre - cious name of Je - sus;

Sing it out, Let us shout; Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!

From "Golden Grain, No. 1," by per. of A. Beirly, publisher.

They Crucified Him.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus hath done,
 2. From heav - en he came, he loved you—he died:
 3. No pi - ty-ing eye, a sav - ing arm, none,
 4. They eru - ci-fied him, and yet he for - gave,
 5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King?

Be - hold how he suf - fered for thee: They cru - ci-fied him,
 Such love as his nev - er was known; Be - hold; on the cross
 He saw us and pit - ied us then; A - lone; in the fight,
 "My Fa - ther, for - give them," he cried, What must he have borne,
 Say, how will you meet him at last? What plea in the day

God's in - no-cent Son, For - sak - en, He died on the tree!
 your King cru-ci-fied, To make you an heir to his throne!
 the vict - 'ry he won; O praise him, ye chil - dren of men.
 the sin - ner to save, When un - der the bur - den he died!
 of wrath will you bring, When of - fers of mer - cy are past?

CHORUS.

They cru-ci-fied him, they cru-ci-fied him, They nailed him to the tree,

And so there he died, A King crucified To save a poor sinner like me.
 like me.

Lead Me, Savior.

121

F. M. D. *With expression.*

FRANK M. DAVIS.

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature changes from 4/4 to 2/4. Measures 11 and 12 are shown, featuring eighth-note patterns and rests.

1. Sav-i-or, lead me, lest I stray,
 2. Thou the refuge of my soul
 3. Sav-i-or, lead me, then at last,

Gen-tly lead me all the way;
When life's stormy billows roll,
When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way,

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of four sharps. Measures 11 and 12 are shown, featuring eighth-note patterns and rests.

- I am safe when by thy side,
I am safe when thou art nigh,
To the land of endless day,
I would in thy love abide.
All my hopes on thee rely.
Where all tears are wiped away.

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.

CHORUS.

A musical score page showing two measures of music for orchestra. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). Measure 11 starts with a bassoon playing a sustained note, followed by a cello and a double bass. Measures 11 and 12 end with a forte dynamic, indicated by a large 'f' above the notes.

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff uses the treble clef and the bottom staff uses the bass clef. Both staves are in common time and have a key signature of three flats. Measure 11 starts with a forte dynamic (F) in the treble clef staff, followed by eighth-note pairs (B, G) and (D, A). The bass clef staff begins with a half note (E) followed by eighth-note pairs (G, D) and (B, F). Measure 12 continues with eighth-note pairs in both staves, ending with a forte dynamic (F) in the treble clef staff.

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Savior, all the way.
stream of time all the way

From "Carols of Joy," by per.

The Cleansing Wave.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



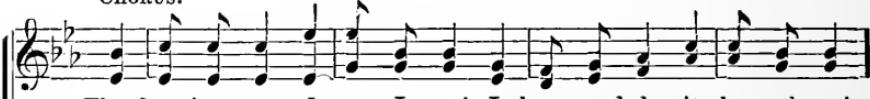
1. Oh! now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide:
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;
3. I rise to walk in heaven's own light,A bove the world and sin,
4. A - maz-ing grace!'tis heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap - plied,



Je - sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side.
 It speaks! pol-lu - ted nature dies! Sinks'neath the cleansing flood.
 With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthron'd within.
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - su^a know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.



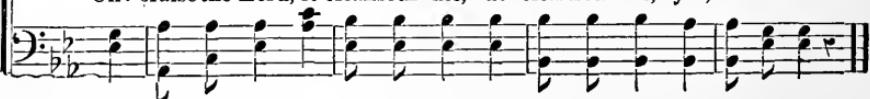
CHORUS.



The cleansing stream. I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!



Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes,cleanseth me!



By permission.

Consecration.

123

MARY D. JAMES.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAFF.

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee,
 2. O, Je - sus, might-y Sav-iour, I trust in Thy great name,
 3. O, let the fire, de-scend - ing Just now up - on my soul,
 4. I am Thine, O bless'd Je-sus, Wash'd by Thy cleans-ing blood;

A con - se - cra - ted off'-ring, Thine ev - er-more to be.
 I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom-ise now I claim.
 Consume my hum - ble off'-ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
 Now seal me by Thy Spir - it A sac - ri - fice to God.

CHORUS.

My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire:

ritard.

Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

Copyright, 1869, by JOSEPH F. KNAFF. By per.
 From "NOTES OF JOY,"

G. R. C. and L. W.

Furnished by Evangelist LEONARD WEAVER. Arr. by G. B.

1. Be-yond death's si - lent riv - er Is a glo - rious land of light,
 2. And when I cross that riv - er The first I will a - dore;
 3. The next one who will greet me, In the man - sion fair and bright,
 4. Oh, yes, I'll meet my loved ones; They have but gone be-fore,
 5. So I'll wait a lit - tle long-er, Till God's ap-point - ed time,

The beau - ti - ful for - ev - er, Where all is pure and bright;
 The first to bid me welcome, Up - on that gold - en shore,
 Will be my saint - ed moth-er, Ar - rayed in gar-ments white,
 And now with ho - ly an-gels Stand wait - ing at the door;
 And praise Him for the prom-ise That says this hope is mine;

There ev - er fra - grant flow-ers Send forth a sweet per-fume,
 Will be my lov - ing Sav - ior, The One who died for me,
 And then that gray-haired Fa-ther, Close press - ing by her side,
 I think I see them beck'ning, I think I hear them say,
 And then thro' faith in Je - sus, I'll spread my wings and fly

And all our loved im - mor - tal In fade - less beau - ty bloom.
 That in that blest for - ev - er From sin I might be free.
 Will grasp my hand with fer - vor, Just o'er the swell ing tide.
 This is a glo - rious country—Come, broth - er, come a - way.
 Up through the gates of glo - ry, To join them in the sky.

CHORUS.

Oh, the joy that there a-waits me, When I reach that gold-en shore,
When I grasp the hands of loved ones, To part with them no more.

The King's Highway.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. "And an highway shall be there."—Is. xxxv: 8. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

With animation.

By permission.

1. We're march-ing to Mount Zi - on, We keep the King's highway; We
2. When foes encamp a - round us, We look to Christ and pray; Tho'
3. We see the tow - ers shin - ing, They bright-en day by day; Our

CHORUS.

have a mighty Leader, We walk in white array. We're marching to Mount Zion, We
war should rise against us, We keep the King's highway.
home is drawing nearer, We sing up-on the way.

keep the King's highway; 'Tis blest to fol-low Je-sus, Come, walk with us to-day.

Jesus Lives!

Rev. JOHN. R. COLGAN.

A. F. MYERS.



1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in checr-ful song,
 2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
 3. Je - sus lives, oh, bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!



Send the welcome word a - long, Jesus lives! Once he died for you and me,
 Sing to all on land and sea, Jesus lives! Light for you and all mankind,

Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See, he breaks the prison wall,



Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Jesus lives!
 Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Jesus all may find, Jesus lives!
 Throws a - side the dread-ful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Jesus lives!



CHORUS.



Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow, Rally now and
 Wait not,

Sing,



Wait not, wait not, Sing for



sing for Je-sus, ev 'ry-where you go, Lift your joy - ful voic - es high,
 sing,



Je - sus,

Jesus Lives! Concluded.

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Calvary.

J. H. TENNEY.

CHORUS.

Mercy at the Cross.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. There is mer - cy at the cross to - day, There the sinner's guilt is wash'd a -
 2. There's sal - va - tion at the cross to - day, Wea - ry sin-ner, throw your fears a -
 3. There is cleans-ing at the cross to - day, Be made ho - ly on the King's high-
 4. There's a bless - ing at the cross to - day, We ob - tain it as we watch and

way; There is par-don pure and sweet, When we fall at Je-sus' feet, There is
 way; There your precious Sav - ior died! See His wounds are o-pen wide, There is
 way; Give to Je - sus all your heart, Do not keep back a - ny part, There is
 pray; As we do the Master's will, He His prom-ise will ful - fill, There is

CHORUS.

mer-cy at the cross to-day. There is mer - - ey, mercy at the cross,
 There is mer-cy, there is mercy, There is

There is mer-cy at the cross to - day. Ex - 'ry blessing Christ will give:
 There is mer - cy, mercy at the cross.

If you on - ly look and live, There is mer - cy at the cross to - day.

Words arranged.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. There's a hav - en safe - ly locked By two arms out-stretching wide,
 2. Depth e-nough it has to float Ev - 'ry ves - sel, great or small,
 3. Ev - er on its swell-ing breast Pours the sun-shine from a - bove,
 4. And the arms its sure de - fense, By the rud - est shocks un - stirred,

Where for ma - ny an age have flocked Storm-toss'd ships from ev - 'ry side.
 Stateliest build, or simplest boat, And there's room e - nough for all.
 For this hav - en safe and blest, It is God's un - fet-tered love.
 Are our God's om - nip - o - tence, And His nev - er - fail - ing word.

CHORUS.

An - chor here, O storm-toss'd soul, Here thy fears and doubts shall cease;

Though without the bil-lows roll, Here is safe - ty, rest and peace.

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!
 2. We have heard the Ma - ce-do - nian call to - day,
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound,
 4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love, "Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
 And a gold - en off'ring at the cross we lay,
 And a Christ-like spir - it ev-'rywhere be found:
 Send the light!" Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light! Send the light!
 Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS.

Send the light, the bless - ed gos - pel light,
 Send the light, the bless - ed gos - pel light,

Let it shine..... from shore to shore!.....
 Let it shine from shore to shore!

Send the Light. Concluded.

131

Send the light,..... and let its radiant beams
Send the light, and let its radiant beams

Light the world..... for - ev - er - more.....
Light the world for - ev - er - more.

Come to the Savior, Come.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Arr. by W. S. WEEDEN.

FINE.

1. { Come, sin-ners, to the gos - pel feast; Come to the Sav - ior, come,
Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest; Come to the Sav - ior, come.
2. { Ye need not one be left be - hind; Come to the Sav - ior, come,
For God hath bid-den all man-kind: Come to the Sav - ior, come.

D.C.—For you He shed His pre- cious blood, Come to the Sav - ior, come.

REFRAIN.

D.C.

Come to the Sav - ior, come,..... Come to the Sav - ior, come;

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call; | 6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind |
| The invitation is to all. | In Christ a hearty welcome find. |
| 4 Come all the world! come, sinner, thou | 7 My message as from God receive; |
| All things in Christ are ready now. | Ye all may come to Christ and live. |
| 5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, | 8 O let His love your hearts constrain, |
| Ye restless wand'rers after rest. | Nor suffer Him to die in vain. |

For These My Soul Is Lost.*[May be sung as a Solo or Solo and Chorus.]*

[A father prevailed on his daughter to renounce her religion by purchasing for her handsome jewels and a costly dress, and inducing her to attend an evening party, arrayed in the new and beautiful garments. The dissipation of the hour resulted in illness, and the illness in her death not many days after. The hymn embodies her death-bed meditations and utterances.]

Anon., altered.

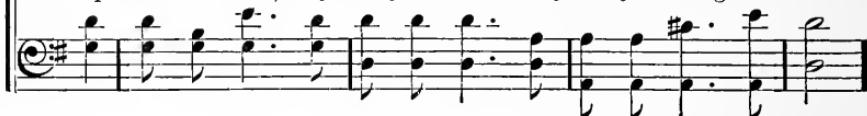
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. "Go, bring me," said the dy-ing fair, With anguish in her tone,
2. "With glorious hope I once was blest, Nor feared the gap-ing tomb;
3. "Take them, they are the price of blood! For these I lost my soul;
4. "Oh, bear them from my sight and touch! Your gifts I here re-store;



"My cost-ly robes and jew-els rare; Go, bring them ev'-ry one."
With heaven al-read-y in my breast, I looked for heaven to come!
For these must bear the wrath of God, While ceaseless a-ges roll.
Keep them with care, they cost you much—They cost your daughter more.



They strew'd them on the dy-ing bed, Those robes and gems of princely cost;
I heard a Savior's pard'ning voice, My soul was fill'd with peace and love;
Re-member, when you look on these, Your daughter's sad and fearful doom;
Look at them ev'-ry roll-ing year, When shall return my dy-ing day;



"Fa-ther," with bit-ter-ness she said, "For these my soul is lost."
Fa-ther, you led me, for these toys, To bar-ter heaven a-bove."
That she, her fa-ther's pride to please, Went, hopeless, to the tomb,
And drop for me the burn-ing tear." She ceased, and passed a-way.



robb'd of all its hopes of heav'n; For these a soul was lost.

FINE.

For These My Soul Is Lost. Concluded.

133

CHORUS.

D.S.

For these poor van - i - ties of life, That soul of price - less cost, Was

Duane Street. L. M., D.

JOHN CENNICK.

Rev. GEORGE COLES.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;

FINE.

His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way, till Him I view.
D.S.—The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

D.S.

The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
“Come hither, soul, I am the way.”

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners 'round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, “Behold the way to God.”

DOXOLOGY—Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host;

Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.—THOS. KEN.

Throw out the Line.

Words and Music by W. E. WILLIAMS.

Not too slow.

1. Don't you hear the cry of the tempest toss'd, Of the wreck'd and ru-ined, our
 2. Comes the loud ap-peal, like a clar-ion call, To the church of God and to
 3. He that came from heav'n that He might redeem All who look to Him in re-
 4. In a work Christ-like, and so tru - ly grand, Is there one un - will-ing to

broth - ers lost? They are sink - ing down 'neath the an - gry wave; To the
 one and all, O, ye Chris-tian men, to your du - ty fly; If you
 - demption's scheme, He that saved your soul bids you rise and go, And to
 lend a hand? We will all take part in the work di - vine, And to

CHORUS.

Vivace.

res - cue haste, you a soul may save. } Throw out the line! Throw
 lin - ger long, precious souls will die. }
 save the lost from e - ter - nal woe. }
 some lost soul, we'll throw out the line. } Throw out the line!

out the line! They're sink - ing 'neath the wave, Throw
 Throw out the line, They're sinking 'neath the wave, Sinking, sinking 'neath the wave,
 out the line! Throw out the line! And you a soul may save!
 Throw out the line! Throw out the line!

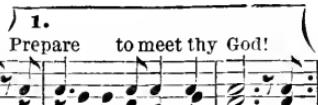
Prepare to Meet Thy God.

135

To my Friend, the Evangelist, Clark Wilson.

J. G. D.

J. G. DAILEY.



1. { Hark! I hear a warning voice in whisper stealing: Prepare to meet thy God! 'Tis sounding in the lightning's flash or thunder's pealing: (*Omit*)
2. { 'Mid the thronging cares of life the words keep ringing: Prepare to meet thy God! You hear it from the word of truth or voice of singing: (*Omit*)
3. { On the couch reclining, hear that voice repeating: Prepare to meet thy God!
4. { Now thy guilty conscience from the truth's retreating; (*Omit*)
4. { In the world of pleasure, list! the Spirit's pleading: Prepare to meet thy God!
4. { Loving friends are praying, Christ is interceding; (*Omit*)



2. Prepare to meet thy God! rit.

CHORUS.

Pre-prepare..... to

Pre-prepare to meet thy God! to meet thy God!

Pre-prepare to meet, to
Pre-prepare to

Pre-prepare to meet thy God!

Pre-prepare.... to

meet thy God! Pre-prepare..... to meet thy God!

meet thy God!

Pre-prepare..... to meet thy God! Oh, my brother!

Pre-prepare to meet thy God!

Pre - pare ... to meet thy God!

Oh, my sis - ter! Pre - pare, Pre - pare to meet thy God! thy God!

* If Alto is absent, Tenor take small notes.

Down in the Licensed Saloon.

Answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?"

Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

p *rit.*

Where is my wand'-ring boy to - night! Down in the licensed sa - loon.

1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of many a light,
 2. Little arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my poor heart will break!
 3. Broth-er, I guess you'd en-ter this fight, If it were your boy down there to-night,

mp

Beau-ti - ful mu - sic the ear to de-light, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.
 Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.
 Ruined and wrecked by the drink appetite, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.

CHORUS.

There is my wand'-ring boy to - night, There is my wand - ring

cres.

boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in the licensed sa - loon!

I Must Tell Jesus.

137

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav- ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev- er
passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv- er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Jesus, and He will help me Over the

CHORUS.

loves and cares for His own.
trou - bles quickly an end.
cares and sorrows will share. }
world the vict'ry to win. }

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell

Je - sus! I cannot bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

Rit.

Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Jesus can help me, Jesus a - lone.

Blessed Assurance.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 28.

F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Bles-sed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-i-or am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove,
 hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood, This is my sto-ry,
 Ech-oes of mer-ey, whis-per-s of love.
 Fill'd with His good-ness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Praising my Sav-i-or all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-i-or all the day long.

Memories of Galilee.

139

Dr. R. MORRIS.
QUARTET.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove, and sigh-ing bough That makes the
 2. Each flow'-ry glen, and mos-sy dell, Where hap-py
 3. And when I read the thrill-ing lore, Of Him who

eve so blest to me, Has some-thing
 birds in song a - gree, Thro' sun - ny
 walk'd up - on the sea, I long, oh,

far di-vin'er now, It bears me back to Gal-i -
 morn the praises tell Of sights and sounds in Gal-i -
 how I long once more To fol-low Him in Gal-i -

CHORUS.

- lee. } Oh, Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee Where Je-sus lov'd so
 - lee. } much to be, Oh, Gal - i - lee, Blue Gal - i - lee, come sing thy song again to me.

Come sing thy song a-gain to me.

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Just the Same To-day.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry Of the babe of Beth - le-hem,
 2. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry How He walked up - on the sea,
 3. Have you ev - er heard of Je - sue Pray-ing in Gethsem - an - e,

Who was worshiped by the an - gels, And the wise and ho - ly men?
 To His dear dis - ci - ples toss-ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee?
 And the ev - er thrill-ing sto - ry, How He died up - on the tree?

How He taught the learn-ed doc - tors In the tem - ple far a - way?
 How the waves in an - gry mo - tion Quick-ly at His will o - obeyed?
 Cru - el thorns His forehead piercing, As His spir - it passed a - way?

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day.
 Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day.
 This He did for you, my brother, And He's just the same to-day.

CHORUS.

He is just the same to - day, He is
 Just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day,

Just the Same To-day. Concluded.

141

just the same to - day, Seeking those who are astray,
just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day,

Sav-ing souls a-long the way; Thank God, He is just the same to - day.

He Is Calling.

FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mercy Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sinner And more gra - ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broader Than the mea-sure of man's mind:
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kindness in His justice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Savior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

CHORUS.

He is calling, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll gladly haste to Thee.

March On.*"Sorrow is turned into joy."*—Job 41: 22.

J. H. HALL.

Joyfully.

1. Sing, all we ransomed of the Lord, Your great De - liv' - rer sing;
2. His hand di - vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss - ful road,
3. Bright garlands of im - mor-tal joy Shall bloom on ev - ry head;



Ye pilgri ms, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in the Lord.
Till to the sa - cred Mount you rise, And see your gra - cious God.
While sor - row, sigh - ing and dis - tress, Like shad - ows, all are fled.

**REFRAIN.**

March on,..... march on,..... Your great De - liv' - rer sing;
March on, march on, ye ransomed ones, March on,



Ye pilgri ms, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King.



The New Jerusalem.

143

Words and Music by Evangelist LEONARD WEAVER. Arr. by G. B.

1. I am bound for the land of the liv - ing God, Called the
2. Ma - ny loved ones have I on the oth - er side, In the
3. O my friends, won't you start for that land of light, To the
4. Soon the Sav - ior will call, us one by one To the

New Je - ru - sa - lem; I have washed my robes in Je-sus' blood, For the
New Je - ru - sa - lem; They have safely crossed death's chilly tide, To the
New Je - ru - sa - lem? While the Savior invites, set out to-night For the
New Je - ru - sa - lem; Let us sing all the way, 'till we reach our home, In the

CHORUS.

New Je - ru - sa - lem. Oh, what joy will be mine, When I

reach that land, And the storms of life are o'er! Oh, what

joy will be mine, When I grasp the hands Of the loved ones gone be-fore!

Mighty to Save.

J. H. A.

Joyfull.

J. H. ALLEMAN.

1. Might - y to save, He is might - y to save, He who in tri-umph a -
 2. Might - y to save, He is might - y to save, Why then remain un - to
 3. Might - y to save, He is might - y to save, Glo - ry to God for His

- rose from the grave; Cast all your bur - dens on Him and believe.
 sa - tan a slave? Flee to the cross; noth-ing else can a-vail,
 love when He gave Je - sus, His on - ly be - got - ten dear Son,

CHORUS.

For Je - sus is might - y to save.
 For Je - sus is might - y to save.
 Yes, Je - sus the might - y to save. } Might - y to save, He is

might - y to save, On let it roll like a tur - bu - lent wave,

Till ev - 'ry nation shall hear and believe, Je - sus is mighty to save.

I Need Thee, Lord.

145

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John xv. 5.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR. By per.

Then to Thy cross I fond - ly cling, For then I need Thee, Lord.
And left me 'reft of hap - pi - ness, Oh, then I need Thee, Lord.
My tears and all my ef - forts spent, Oh, then I need Thee, Lord.
Then to Thy cross for help I flee, For then I need Thee, Lord.

CHORUS.

5 What longs my soul for deeper rest,
To be with all Thy fullness blest,
I lean me, then, upon Thy breast,
For then I need Thee, Lord.

6 I need Thee, precious Lord, just now,
As at the mercy-seat I bow,
And offer up my solemn vow,
Just now I need Thee, Lord.

We Shall Stand Before the King.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. We shall stand before the King, With the an-gels we shall sing,
 2. Ring, ye bells of heav-en, ring, We shall stand be-fore the King, } By and
 3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King,



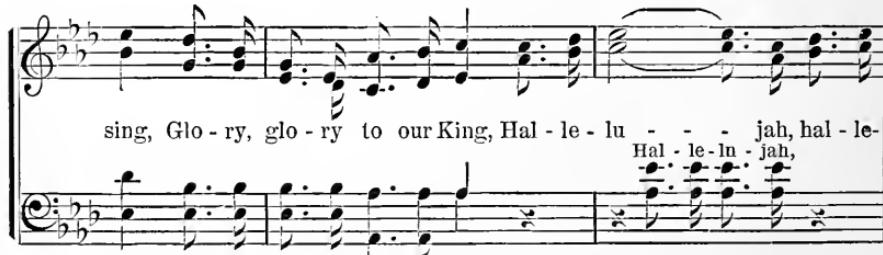
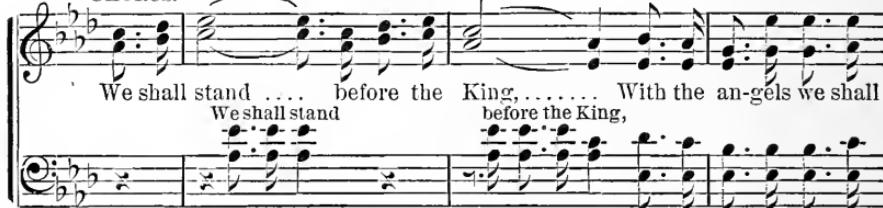
by, by and by; Walk the bright and gold - en shore,
 There our sor - rows will be o'er,
 By and by, by and by, Lay thy tro-phies at His feet,



Prais-ing Him for ev - ermore, By and by, by and by.
 There His name we will a-dore, }
 In His likeness stand complete, By and by, by and by,



CHORUS.



A musical score for two voices. The top voice is in soprano C major, and the bottom voice is in bass F major. The lyrics are: "lu - - jah, We shall stand..... be-fore the King." and "Hal - le - lu - jah, We shall stand, we shall stand". The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Wonderful Love of Jesus.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

A musical score for two voices. The top voice is in soprano C major, and the bottom voice is in bass F major. The lyrics are: "1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; 2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; 3. My hope for par-don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall;"

A musical score for two voices. The top voice is in soprano C major, and the bottom voice is in bass F major. The lyrics are: "For who can sing the worthy praise Of the wonder-ful love of Je - sus? In pain a balm,in weakness might,Is the wonder-ful love of Je - sus. In life, in death,my all in all, is the wonder-ful love of Je - sus."

CHORUS.

A musical score for two voices. The top voice is in soprano C major, and the bottom voice is in bass F major. The lyrics are: "Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!" and "Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!"

From "Holy Voices," by per.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. If you will, you may know the glad-ness of your sins for-giv'n,
2. If you will, you may close the door and let Him knock in vain,
3. If you will, there are souls that you may lead to life and love,
4. If you will, you may sing in heav'n for-ev-er with the blest,



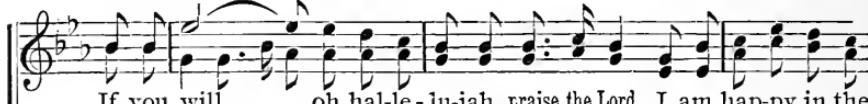
If you will, . . . if you will, . . . If you will, you may make the
 If you will, . . . if you will, . . . If you will,—but His Spir - it
 If you will, . . . if you will, . . . If you will, there's a crown that
 If you will, . . . if you will, . . . If you will, you may meet the
 If you will, if you will,



an-gels sing for joy in heav'n, If you will, . . . if you will.
 may not ev - er strive a - gain, If you will, . . . if you will.
 you may wear in heav'n a - bove, If you will, . . . if you will.
 loved ones in that home of rest, If you will, . . . if you will.
 If you will,



CHORUS.



If you will, . . . oh, hal-le - lu-jah, praise the Lord, I am hap-py in the
 If you will,



prom-ise of His word; Brother, you may share the blessing here and
 hal - ie-lu-jah!



You May, If You Will. Concluded.

149

glo - ry o - ver there, If you will,..... if you will
If you will, if you will, if you will.

Come, Sinner, Come.

WILL. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too hea-vy la-den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will
 3. Oh, hear his ten-der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-

pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him.
 bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will not deceive you.
 ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je-sus whispers to you,

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him. Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus can now redeem you. Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you. Come, sin-ner, come!

Over the Border Land.

J. H. A.

J. H. ALLEMAN.

1. A home, on high, is wait - ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 2. My loved ones there, will welcome me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 3. My Sav - ior there is call - ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 4. The smiles of God will fall on me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,

And there my Sav - ior I shall see, Just o - ver the bor - der land.
 And with them soon, fore'er I'll be, Just o - ver the bor - der land.
 And by His grace will make me free, Just o - ver the bor - der land.
 And bless me thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Just o - ver the bor - der land.

CHORUS.

Just o - ver the bor - der the land, There
 bor - der land,

waits the home of the soul, home of the soul, Where praise shall

ring as the years shall roll, Just o - ver the bor - der land.

All the Way to Calvary.

151

Mrs. W. G. MOYER & I. H. M.

I. H. MEREDITH. Cho. arr.

1. Oh, how dark the night that wrapt my spir - it round! Oh, how deep the woe my
2. Tremblingly a sin - ner bowed be-fore his face, Naught I knew of par-don,
3. Oh, 'twas wondrous love the Sav-ior show'd for me, When He left His throne for

Sav - ior found When He walked a - cross the wa - ters of my soul,
God's free grace, Heard a voice so melt - ing, "Cease thy wild re - gret,
Cal - va - ry, When He trod the wine-press, trod it all a - lone,

Bade my night dis - perse and made me whole.
Je - sus bought thy par - don, paid thy debt." } All the way to
Praise His name for - ev - er, make it known. }

CHORUS.

Cal - va - ry He went for me, He went for me, He went for me,

All the way to Cal - va - ry He went for me, He died to set me free.

Dare to Say No!

Words arranged.

With expression.

Written expressly for W. C. Weedon.

TALLIE MORGAN.

1. Dare to say no, when you're tempted to drink,
 2. Think of the homes that are drown'd in the bowl,
 3. Think of lone graves both un-wept and unknown,

Pause for a
 Think of the
 Hid - ing fond

mo-ment, my brave boy, and think: Think of the wrecks up-on
 dan-ger to bo-dy and soul; Think of sad lives once as
 hopes as fair as your own; Think of the proud forms for-

life's o-cean tossed, For ans-wer-ing "yes," without counting the cost.
 pure as the snow;.. Look at them now, and at once an-swer "no!"
 -ev-er laid low, That might have been here had they learn'd to say "no."

cres.
 Think of the moth-er, who has wait-ed in vain;
 Think of a manhood with rum-taint-ed breath;
 Think of the de-mon that lurks in the bowl;

cres.

Dare to Say No! Concluded.

153

p

rit.

a tempo.

Think of the tears, that will fall like the rain, Think of her heart and
Think of the end, and the ter - ri - ble death; Think of the homes, now
Driv-ing to ruin, both bo - dy and soul; Think of all this, as life's

a tempo.

cru - el the blow:... Think of her love, and at once an-swer "no!"
shadowed with woe; That might have been heav'n, had the an-swer been "no!"
jour-ney you go, And when you're assail'd by the tempter, say "no!"

CHORUS. faster.

Dare to say "no," dare to say "no,"
yes, dare to say "no," yes, dare to say "no,"

rit.

pp

Stand by your man-hood and dare to say "no;" Look un - to God for

cour-age and might; Dare to say "no," And stand for the right.

Keep Moving on the Way.

E. S. U.

JUBILEE MELODY.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

Lively.

1. There is on - ly one thing that the Chris-tian needs to do,
2. Oh, this se - cret of pro-gress-ing, ev - 'ry - bo - dy ought to keep,
3. In the gal-ries of the skies, an - gel hosts are look - ing down,

As he jour - neys with the saints to end - less day; If he'd
For this earth - ly life will nev - er, nev - er pay, If we
And they watch us as we strug - gle day by day; To the

keep his soul from fall-ing while the way he does pur-sue, Is to
lay a - side the cross and re - sign our eyes to sleep, And for-
vic - tor in the race God will give a star - ry crown, If we
D. S.—Let us

CHORUS.

FINE.

ever keep moving on the way. Keep moving on the way, Let us
-get to keep moving on the way.
ever keep moving on the way. Keep moving on the way,

ever keep moving on the way.

D. S.

ever keep moving on the way, Keep moving on the way;
on the way, Keep moving on the way.

Follow All the Way.

155

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
TRIO.

Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.



1. I can hear my Savior calling, In the tend'rest accents calling;
 2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and weary.
 3. Je - sus, ev - er go be-fore me, Shining heaven's sunlight o'er me,
 4. Thro' the val - ley safe-ly lead me, Heav'nly man-na dai - ly feed me;
 5. In Thy heart'saf-fec-tion hold me, In Thy arms of love en-fold me,



On my ear these words are falling, "Take thy cross, and daily fol - low Me."
 Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery As I fol-low, follow all the way.
 And when weak, by grace restore me As I fol-low, follow all the way.
 Ev'ry hour, dear Lord, I need Thee As I fol-low, follow all the way.
 And with Thine own grace uphold me, As I fol-low, follow all the way.



CHORUS.



I will take my cross and follow, My dear Sav-lor I will fol-low,



Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'M go with Him, with Him all the way.



6 I will never leave Thee, never;
 Faithful I will be forever;
 Help me in my weak endeavor
 Thee to follow, follow all the way.

7 Thro' death's dark and gloomy portal,
 Leaving there this body mortal,
 Into yonder home immortal
 I will follow, follow all the way.

Standing by the Cross.

Words by ALLEN SHIRLEY.
REF. by A. J. S.

Music by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll sit for - ev - er view-ing, Mer - cy streaming in his blood;
3. Tru - ly blessed is this sta-tion, Low before his cross to lie,
4. Here it is I find my heaven, While up-on the cross I gaze,
5. Lord, in ceaseless con-tem-plation, Fix my trusting heart on thee,

Life and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.
 Precious drops! my soul bedewing, Plead they now my peace with God.
 While I see di - vine compassion, Beaming in his gracious eye.
 Here the joy of sins for-giv - en, Shall inspire my songs of praise.
 Till I know thy full sal - va - tion, And thy face in glo - ry see.

CHORUS.

Standing by the cross, Standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Calvary;

Looking up to Christ, Trusting in his love, Hoping in his mercy full and free.

The Fountain.

157

Words by WM. COWPER.

Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 2. Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
 3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds supply,
 4. Then in a no-blér, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save,

And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing blood has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor, lisping, stam'm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

CHORUS.

Saviour, wash . . . me in the blood, To the
 Saviour, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, To the

fount - ain let me go; Wash me in . . . the crimson
 fountain let me go, to the fountain let me go; Wash me in the crimson flood, Wash me

flood, And I shall be whiter than the snow (the snow).
 in the crimson flood, And I shall be whiter, whiter than the snow.

Sing On.

CARRIE M. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the mo-ments long;
 2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay;
 3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long;

My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song;
 Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet-ing day;
 Till in our Fa - ther's king - dom We swell a nob - ler song;

Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The glo-rious mount I stand,
 Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of His re-deem-ing love;
 Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,

And look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promised land!
 The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.
 We'll meet be-yond the riv - er, Where surg - es roll no more.

CHORUS.

Sing on; O bliss - ful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise,

My heart is fill'd with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.
 Sing on; O bliss - ful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise,
 Sing on; bliss - ful, bliss - ful mu - sic,

My heart is fill'd with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

Rev. W. L. WARDELL.

Aldene. S. M.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. God always deals in love! Whate'er that dealing be; The soft caress, the
 2. I should not censure God Be-cause I can - not see The reason for the
 3. When in the darksome place He leads my tar - dy feet, No hate is writ-ten
 4. Tho' death's cold, sullen stream Doth o'er me throw its foam, Yet this or-deal is

stunning blow, Each speak of sym - pa - thy, Each speak of sym - pa - thy,
 chast'ning rod Which He deems good for me, Which He deems good for me.
 on His face; His voice is calm and sweet, His voice is calm and sweet.
 God's own means To take my spir - it home, To take my spir - it home.

When We Reach Our Home.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. What a scene of wondrous glo - ry, When we reach our home, Chanting
 2. We shall know no more of tri - al, When we reach our home, Nor of
 3. We will meet our pre-cious Sav- ior When we reach our home, Live for-

there redemption's sto-ry, 'Neath its gold-en dome! With myr-iads round the throne,
 toil and self-de-ni-al, 'Neath its gold-en dome; In robes of pu-ri-ty,
 ev-er in his fa-vor 'Neath the gold-en dome; Changed to his likeness, we

His a-noint-ed and his own, We will make his prais-es known,
 From all sin and sor-row free, Safe with Je-sus we will be
 Shall his glo-rious per-son see, And a-dore him cease-less-ly

CHORUS.

When we reach our home. } In our heav'n-ly home. } When we reach our home o-ver there, o-ver there,
 In our heav'n-ly home. }

All the wondrous glo-ry to share, What a meet-ing that will be
 o-ver there,

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of six measures. The lyrics "When the Savior we shall see, When we reach our home over there, over there." are written below the notes.

Nearer to Me.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

WILLIAM A. GALPIN,

1. Draw near, O Christ, to me, Near - er to me, Un-worth-y
 2. Draw near, O Christ, to me, Near - er to me, My soul with

and un - clean Though I may be; Come with Thy
 strong de - sire Burns af - ter Thee; Let me Thy

3 3
 quick'ning grace, Show me Thy smil - ing face, Draw near this
 joys par - take, Come, ere my spir - it break, For Thy sweet

3
 hallowed place, Draw near to me. Draw near, O Christ, to me,
 mer-ey's sake, Draw near to me. Let all Thy wealth of love
 Fall upon me; Touch every secret sin,
 Wash me, and make me clean, Let nothing stand between
 My heart and Thee.

M. F. ANDERSON.
With Vigor.

TALLIE MORGAN.

1. Our country's voice is plead-ing, Ye men of God, a - rise, His
 2. The love of Christ un - fold - ing, Speed on from East to West, Till

prov - i - dence is lead - ing. The land be - fore you lies. Day gleams are
 all His cross be - hold - ing, In Him are ful - ly blest. Great Au - thor

cres.

o'er it bright'ning, And promise clothes the soul, Wide fields for harvest's
 of sal - va - tion, Haste, haste the glorious day, When we, a ransomed

dim.

whitening, In - vite the reaper's toil. } Go where the waves are breaking,
 na-tion, Thy scsep - tre shall o - bey. }

CHORUS. *ff*

On Cal - i - for-nia's shore; Christ's precious gospel taking, More rich than

gold-en ore, On Al - le - gheny's mountains, Thro' all the west - ern
vales, Be - side Mis - sou - ri's foun-tains, Rehearse the wondrous tale.

At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.

1. { Of Him who did sal - va-tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking,
I could for-ev - er think and sing, I'm on my

CHORUS.

journey home. Glo-ry to God, I'm at the fountain drinking, on my journey home.

- 2 Ask but His grace, and lo ! 'tis giv'n, 4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking; I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n, I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home. I'm on my journey home.
- 3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul, 5 Insatiate to the spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking, I'm at the fountain drinking;
Jesus, Thy balm will make me whole, I drink, and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home. I'm on my journey home.

A Little While with Jesus.

Words arranged by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. A lit - tle while with Je - sus, At morn - ing, noon or night,
 2. A lit - tle while with Je - sus, While He is pass - ing by,
 3. A lit - tle while with Je - sus, To hear His voice with - in,
 4. A lit - tle while with Je - sus; He's near me now; I'll go

Will give you strength in weak-ness, Will make your path-way bright;
 To drink His Ho - ly Spir - it, To feel His pres - ence nigh;
 Un-trammelled by my doubt - ing, Heard clear a - bove the din;
 And seek the need - ed bless - ing He wait - eth to be - stow;

'Twill calm the fev - er'd puls - es, And cool the throb-bing brow,
 To feel His love so pre - cious, To con - tem-plate the grace
 Those words so sat - is - fy - ing, That tell of life so blest,
 The pow'r I need this mo - ment, The help I need this day,

To steal a - way to Je - sus, And at His foot - stool bow.
 That brought me, while a sin - ner, In - to His loved em - brace.
 That take the sting from dy - ing, And breathe e - ter - nal rest.
 I now will seek from Je - sus; "Lord, teach me how to pray."

CHORUS.

A lit - tle while with Je - sus, A lit - tle while with Je - sus,
A lit - tle while with Je - sus, Will make our path - way bright.

I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

1. I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneeling at the mer - ey seat,
Cho.—I can, I will, I do believe, I can, I will, I do be lieve,

I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r.
I - can, I will, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.

2 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Refining fire, go through my heart,
Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul.

3 O, that it now from heaven might fall,
O, that it now from heaven might fall,
O, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - - ing,
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean - - - ing, . Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - - ing, lean - - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Je-sus,

God be With You.

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J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Used by purchase of right.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain. By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep secure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, till we

meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

meet God be with you till we meet a-gain.

meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Beyond the Swelling Flood.

A. E. CHILDS.

[Text: Rev. vii, 9-14.]

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

Je-sus' blood, And hold sweet con-verse, free from pain, Nor
thought of home, And spir-it voic-es soft-ly say, "Thy
list-ning ear! What thrills of rapt-ure wake the soul As
joy com-plete; And live to praise thro' end-less day The

ev-er fear to part a-gain, Be-yond the swell-ing flood!
God shall wipe all tears a-way, Be-yond the swell-ing flood!"
back those gold-en gates shall roll, Be-yond the swell-ing flood!
love that dries all tears a-way, Be-yond the swell-ing flood!

CHORUS,

Be-yond the swell-ing flood, Be-yond the swell-ing flood,
Be-yond the swelling flood, . . . Be-yond the swelling flood, . . .

Be-yond the swell-ing flood, We'll meet to part no more,
Be-yond the swell-ing flood,

We'll meet to part no more, We'll meet to part no more,
 We'll meet to part no more, . . . We'll meet to part no more, . . .

We'll meet . . . to part no more, Be-yond the swell-ing flood.
 We'll meet to part no more . . . Be-yond the swell-ing flood.

Good Night.

AVON. C. M.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

Scottish.

1. The time for part-ing now has come, We leave these scenes so bright;
2. A-down the stream of time we glide, As days swift come and go;
3. Good night, we sing this part-ing song, For fa-ded is the light;

May peace go with you to each home, For now we sing good night.
 May Je-sus be our on-ly guide, In all our walks be-low.
 Oh, may we not be part-ed long, Good night to all, good night.

Wonderful Love.

Words by ANNE STEELE.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus,—and didst thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
 2. Well might the heav'ns with wonder view A love so strange as thine!
 3. Is there a heart that will not bend To thy di - vine con - trol?
 4. Oh, may our will-ing hearts confess Thy sweet, thy gen - tle sway;

And didst thou bleed, and groan and die, For thy re - bellious foes?
 No thought of an-gels ev - er knew Com-pas-sion so di - vine!
 De-scend, O sovereign love, descend, And melt that stubborn soul.
 Glad cap-tives of thy matchless grace, Thy righteous rule o - bey.

CHORUS.

O 'twas won - - - derful, wonderful love,

wonderful, wonderful love,

wonderful, wonderful love

That brought . . . him from heaven above,

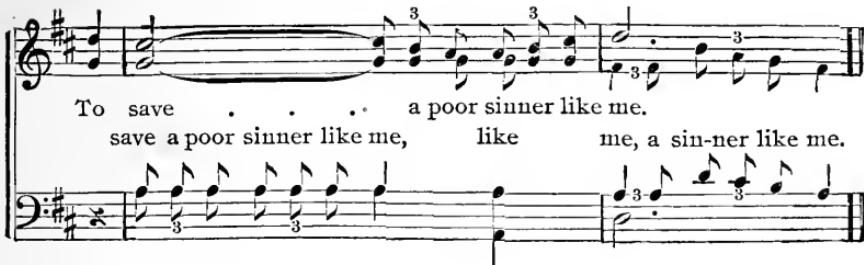
brought him from heaven above,

beautiful heaven above,

As a ran - - - som to die on the tree,

ransom to die on the tree,

suffer and die on the tree,



Cling.

Anon.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

Musical score for 'Cling to the Mighty One'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in D major. The lyrics are: '1. Cling to the Might - y One, Cling in thy grief, Cling to the 2. Cling to the Liv - ing One, Cling in thy woe; Cling to the 3. Cling to the Bleed-ing One, Cling to His side, Cling to the' The music features eighth-note patterns and triplets.

Musical score for 'Cling to the Gracious One'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in D major. The lyrics are: 'Ho - ly One, He gives re - lief: Cling to the Gracious One, Liv - ing One, Through all be - low; Cling to the Pardoning One, Ris - en One, In Him a - bide; Cling to the Com - ing One,' The music features eighth-note patterns and triplets.

Musical score for 'Cling in thy pain'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in D major. The lyrics are: 'Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faithful One, He will sus - tain. He speaketh peace, Cling to the Healing One, Anguish shall cease. Hope shall a - rise, Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.' The music features eighth-note patterns and triplets. A 'rit.' (ritardando) marking is present above the final notes of the top staff.

Steadily Marching On.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy-ful-ly shout ho - san - na! Praise the Lord with glad acclaim;
2. Praise we the Lord! He is the King e - ter - nal; Glo - ry be to God on high!

Lift up our hearts un-to His throne with gladness, —Magni-fy His ho - ly name.
Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov - ing kin-dness, —Join the chorus of the sky.

Marching a-long under His banner bright, Trusting in His mercy as we go, *trusting we go*,
Still marching on, cheerily marching on, In the ranks of Je-sus we will go, *ever we'll go*,

His light di-vine ten-der-ly o'er us will shine; We shall be guid-ed by His
Home to our rest, joy - ful - ly home, where the blest Gath-er and praise the Savior's

CHORUS.

hand now and for - ev - er. } Stead-i - ly marching on, with our ban-ner waving o'er us,
name, praise Him for - ev - er. }

3
Stead-i - ly marching on, while we sing the joy - ful cho - rus; Stead-i - ly marching

on, pil-lar and cloud going be-fore us, To the realms of glo-ry, to our home on high.

Glory to the Bleeding Lamb.

173

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

GRANT C. TULLAR.



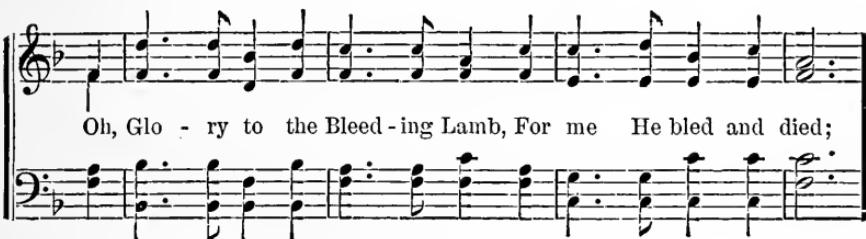
1. Come sing a - gain the song of love, The love of God to man;
2. Come sing of Je-sus, wounded, slain, For sin - ners lost like me;
3. Oh, wor - thy, wor - thy is the Lamb, All glo - ry to re - ceive;
4. O Lord, who hast my sins for - giv'n, My joy, my song, art Thou;
5. Dear Bleeding Lamb of God, who came, For sac - ri - fice di - vine;



The love that wrought in heav'n a - bove The great re-demp - tion plan.
 He came in love to break my chains, And set the cap - tive free.
 Dear Sav - ior, take me as I am, And help me now be - lieve.
 I'll sing no oth - er song in heav'n, I'll sing no oth - er now.
 Wilt Thou, who bore my guilt and shame, Now make me whol - ly Thine.



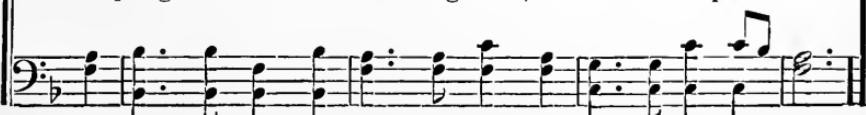
CHORUS.



Oh, Glo - ry to the Bleed - ing Lamb, For me He bled and died;



I plunge be-neath the cleans - ing blood, The fountain deep and wide.



174 **Wait! Wait! Jesus Will Come!***"And to wait for his Son from heaven."*—Thess. 1: 10.

E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Watch ye and wait, O breth - ren of God, Wait for the
 2. Stead - fast - ly wait, and pa - tient - ly pray, Thus did our
 3. Some day the sky will part like a scroll, O - ver the

com - ing of Je - sus our Lord, A - ges have passed, yet
 fath - ers who "wished for the day;" Cheer - ful they toiled and
 earth will the Judgement trump roll; But to the saints 'twill

bright grows the dawn, Je - sus has prom - ised to come in the morn.
 calm - ly did die, Wait - ing for Je - sus to come from the sky.
 hap - pi - ness bring, Since they have wait - ed so long for their King.

CHORUS.

Wait! wait! Jesus will come, Soon will our Bridegroom descend from His throne;

Wait! wait! Jesus will come, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain to His own.

Hallelujah to the Lamb.

175

G. C. T.

GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. I have found a Friend, oh, such a Friend ; On Him my hopes of heav'n depend;
 2. Oh, the Lamb of God was slain for me Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry ;
 3. Now I love to tell to all a-round, What a dear Sav - ior I have found ;
 4. I shall ev - er - more to Je - sus cling, And all my sor - row to Him bring ;

And He will go with me to the end, Hal-le - lu - jah to the Bleeding Lamb.
 There He paid the debt and made me free, Hal-le - lu - jah to the Bleeding Lamb.
 How with cruel thorns His head was crowned, Hal-le - lu - jah to the Bleeding Lamb.
 And thro' all e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing Hal-le - lu - jah to the Bleeding Lamb.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb That was slain for you and me, Hal - le -
 - lu - jah to the Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, He doth wash my sins a-way,

In the blood of Cal - va - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Bleed - ing Lamb.

From "Sermons in Song," by per.

The Believer's Standing.

G. C. NEEDHAM.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I stand; but not as once I did, Be-neath my load of guilt;
 2. I stand; but not on Cal-v'ry's Mount, With arms a-round the cross;
 3. I stand; but not be-side the grave Where once my Lord did lie;
 4. I stand e'en now where he ap-pears In u-nion with my Lord;

The bless-ed Je-sus bore it all For me His blood was spilt.
 I have been there, and left be-hind Earth's pleasures, joys and dross.
 The cross and grave are left be-hind, And Christ is gone on high.
 In Him I'm saved. Oh! wondrous thought! I read it in His word.

Oh! bless the Lord! Ex-alt His name! He gave Him-self for me;
 Oh! bless the Lord! I do be-lieve That Je-sus died for sin;
 Oh! bless the Lord! He bur-ied sin! He left it in the grave;
 Oh! bless the Lord! with Him I'm one, In Him we are com-plete;

He died up-on Mount Cal-v'ry's cross, To set poor sin-ners free.
 That on the cross He shed His blood To make poor sin-ners clean.
 And He has proved Himself the strong, Who died and rose to save.
 We live by faith! but soon in sight Our com-ing Christ we'll greet.

Marching to Canaan.

177

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. With joy we are march - ing to Zi - on's bright a - bode,
2. As pil - grims and ali - ens we jour - ney thro' the land,
3. Tho' con - flicts and tri - als may oft be - set our way,

To the man-sions of rest in the ci - ty of our God, With
 We are marching to Ca - naan, at Je - sus' blest command, The
 They can last but a mo - ment if we to God will pray, For

songs of re - joic - ing our ranks with mu - sic ring, As we car - ol the
 cross of the Lord ev - er go - eth on be - fore; Let us fol - low in
 Je - sus who leads us, al-might - y is to save, If we trust in His

D.S.—ban - ner of Je - sus the wand'rer to re - claim, As we journey to

FINE. CHORUS.

praise of our bless - ed Lord and King. }
 faith till we reach that bless - ed shone. } March-ing a - long, we are
 word, we e - ter - nal life shall have. }

Ca - naan, in Je - sus' bless - ed name.

merching along; The Sunday-school ar - my so valiant and strong, 'Neath the

D.S.

"Sometime."

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

MALE VOICES.

TALLIE MORGAN.

Andante, with expression.

1. Sometime, some day, We'll flee a-way, Where mortals sorrow nev - er;
 2. Sometime, ere long, A ransomed throng, We'll meet no more to sever;
 3. Sometime, somehow, But not just now, We'll sweep across the riv - er;

Our la - bor o'er, We'll toil no more, But be at rest for-ev - er.
 But sweetly rest, On Je-sus' breast, And clasp glad hands forev - er.
 And rest com-plete At Je-sus' feet, And praise His name for-ev - er.

REFRAIN.

Some - time, some day, We'll be at rest for -
 Some - time, some day, Some - time, some day,

- ev - er; We'll flee a - way Where mor-tals sor - row
 We'll flee a-way, we'll flee a-way,

nev - er, Rest, sweet rest, Some-time we'll rest for-ev - er.

I Have It in My Soul, Hallelujah!

179

Dedicated to my friend, William P. Pratt, Portland, Maine.

E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, key signature of B-flat major (two flats). The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and bass clef. The piano accompaniment part is in bass clef. The music consists of two staves: one for the voices and one for the piano.

1. Come, weep just as we did in sor-row for sin, Come, knock till the Lord bid you
2. Come, pray just as we did to live hour by hour, Above earth's temptations, with
3. Come, shout just as we did your "Glo-ry to God!" Sing prais-es to Je-sus, who

A continuation of the musical score for three voices and piano, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

en - ter within; Come trust-ing, ex - pecting, There's no oth - er way, And
God's keeping pow'r; To kneel oft in prayer is vic - t'ry be - gun, Thus
saves by His blood; The song of re-deption shall be our re-frain, Till

A continuation of the musical score for three voices and piano, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

CHORUS.

A musical score for three voices and piano, featuring a repeating melodic line. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and bass clef. The piano accompaniment part is in bass clef. The music consists of two staves: one for the voices and one for the piano.

soon you will find it the gladsome new day,
wrestling with e - vil the crown will be won. } I have it in my soul, hal - le -
in the new heaven we sing it a-gain,

A continuation of the musical score for three voices and piano, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

-In - jah! I have found the Savior precious all the way, I was
all the way,

A continuation of the musical score for three voices and piano, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

once a child of sin, but I let my Savior in, And there's sunlight in my soul to-day.

A continuation of the musical score for three voices and piano, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

Shall I be Saved To-night?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. M. BLISS WILSON. By per.

1. Je-sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
 2. Je-sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
 3. Je-sus is knock-ing at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
 4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
 How can my heart so un-grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
 What if His Spir-it should now de-part? Shall I be saved to-night?
 Quickly I'll o-pen this belt-ed door, Save me, O Lord, to-night.

Ten-der-ly, sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
 Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
 O-ver and o-ver His voice I hear, Sweet-ly it falls on my list'ning ear;
 Bless-ed Re-deem-er, come in, come in, Pi-ty my sorrow, forgive my sin?

Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
 Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Shall I re-ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Now let Thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be saved to-night.

My Mother's Hands.

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Mrs. M. E. W.

Slow and with great expression.

Mrs. M. E. WILSON.

1. Oh, those beauti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands ! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beauti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands ! How they cared for my in - fant days !
3. Oh, those beauti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands ! As they pressed my ach - ing brow ;
4. Oh, those beauti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands ! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew ;
5. Oh, those beauti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands ! I stood by her cof-fin one day,
6. Oh, those beauti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands ! I shall clasp them a - gain once more,

Yet my moth - er's hands were the fair - est, And the love - li-est hands of all.
 They guid-ed my feet in - to pleasant paths And smooth'd all the rug - ged ways.
 They cooled the fev-er and eased the pain, Me - thinks I can feel them now.
 But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seem'd more tender and true.
 And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui - et and peaceful she lay.
 As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shin - ing shore.

CHORUS.

My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guid-ed me safe o'er life's sands,

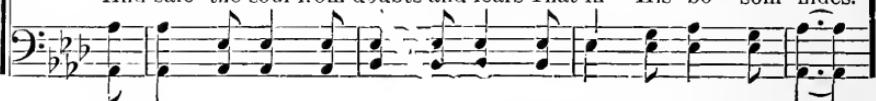
I bless God's name for the mem - 'ry Of moth-er's own beau - ti - ful hands.



1. C - he weal, come woe, where'er we go, God is not far a - way;
 2. The' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er boundless seas of space,
 3. Thro' hang-ing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a - bides,



He holds the stormy winds that blow, And molds the gold - en day.
 And lights a - long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face;
 And safe the soul from doubts and fears That in His bo - som hides.



The dark - est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade.
 But sweet - ly whis - pers while His hands U_ - on His own are laid, -
 On nois - y street, in still re-treat, Thro' vales of deep - est shade,



He speaks in tones of ten - der might, "My child, be not a - fraid."
 "Lo! at thy side thy Fa - ther stands. "My child, be not a - fraid."
 That voice is heard with ac - cents sweet, "My child, be not a - fraid."

CHORUS.



Be not a - fraid, Be not a - fraid, 1. The darkest night to
 Child, be not, be not afraid, Child, be not, be not afraid, 2. He speaks in tones of



Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade, tender might, "My child, be not afraid."

Sweet Words of Peace.

J. W. W.

J. W. WARD.

1. Sweet words of peace, so full of rest, Our Sav-i-or speaks to me;
 2. When joys per-vade my trusting heart, His presence gilds the day;
 3. Sweet words of peace, O, love di - vine, That still my all shall be,

When trials vex my weary soul, He comforts tenderly.
And when with sorrows I'm oppressed, He wipes my tears away.
Until life's sun shall all decline, And dawns eternity.

CHORUS.

Peace, wonderful peace, Peace, wonderful peace.
wonder-ful peace, wonder-ful peace,

Peace, won-der - ful peace. The Sav - ior speaks to me.
won-der-ful peace.

G. C. T.

GRANT C. TULLAR.



1. Wonderful is the Savior, hear the angels sing; Wonderful is the Savior,
2. Wonderful is the Savior on a stormy sea; Wonderful is the Savior
3. Wonderful is the Savior when I'm in despair, Wonderful is the Savior
4. Wonderful is the Savior in Geth-sem-a-ne; Wonderful is the Savior
5. Wonderful is the Savior, I was lost in sin; Wonderful lov-ing Je-sus,

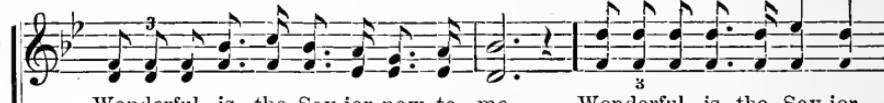


wise men tributes bring; Wonderful is the Savior, I have crown'd Him King;
 "Peace, be still," said He; Wonderful is the Savior, ev-'ry wave did stay;
 He is always there; Wonderful is the Savior, cast on him your care;
 dy-ing on the tree; Wonderful is the Savior, it was all for me;
 stoop'd and took me in; Wonderful is the Savior, now His praise begin;



D. S.—Shedding His precious life-blood on the cursed tree;

FINE. CHORUS.



Wonderful is the Savior now to me. Wonderful is the Savior,



Wonderful is the Savior now to me.



wonderful now to me; Purchasing peace and pardon, all so full and free;



From "Sermons in Song," by per.

Believe and Be Saved.

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E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Oh, guilt - y sin-ner! to - day be - gin To pray, to pray;
2. "Tis faith in Je - sus a - lone can bring The heav'n-ly peace;
3. Re - pent, and trust in the cleans-ing blood, Oh, soul dis - trest!
4. Have faith in God, and His word be-lieve, Be - lieve and pray,



Be - lieve, and Je - sus will take your sin A way, a - way.
Then to God's won-der - ful prom - ise cling, And find re - lease.
Go wash your stains in the crim - son flood, And be at rest.
And He will free - ly your sins for-give, To - day, to - day.



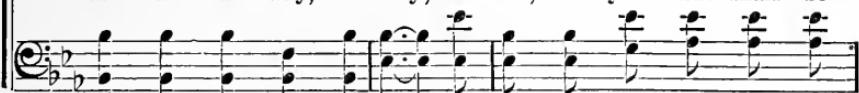
CHORUS.



Be - lieve, and your sins shall be tak - en a - way, Shall be



tak - en a - way, a - way; Be - lieve, and your sins shall be



tak - en a - way, Shall be tak - en a - way to - day.



Sabbath Day Song.

B. W. CAMP.

J. H. ALLEMAN.

1. O beau-ti - ful day, bright Sab - bath day That Je - sus hath
 2. Our la-bors and cares we'll lay a - side, Our hearts un - to
 3. We'll sing of the day, dear Sab - bath day That Je - sus, the

giv'n for rest, His word let us search for truths that we may By
 Him we'll bring; We'll turn from the world, its fol - lies de - ride, To
 Lord hath blest; From earth and its cares we're pass-ing a - way To

CHORUS.

faith in His promise be blest. } hon - or the Sav - ior, our King. } en - ter the Sab-bath of rest. } We'll sing of the beau - ti - ful

Sab-bath day, The day of all oth - ers the best, 'Till Je-sus shall

call His dear children a - way To en - ter the Sab-bath of rest.

Papa, Shall I Look For You?

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Dedicated to the memory of AMY GRACE BEABLE.

For more than two years this child of Jesus, only nine years of age, had vainly besought her father to come to the Savior. Sickness at last seized her, and death came; but before the spirit took its flight she gave expression to these beautiful words, "I am going up; come, hurry up, mamma,—tell papa to come." Then, speaking to others, she said, "Won't you come?" Then, to her father, who had just arrived, she said, "Papa, come!" "I will come," said the father, "I can't have my child in heaven and not be there too."

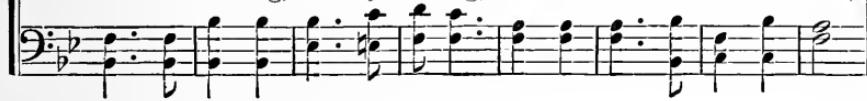
Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.



1. I am go - ing up, dear pa-pa, Are you coming by and by?
2. Won't you promise me, dear pa-pa ? Je - sus wants you there, I know.
3. Yes, I'll come, my lit - tle darling, Calm your fears and doubt no more;
4. She has passed be-yond the riv-er, And we hear her voice no more;



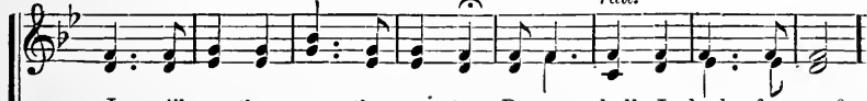
Won't you come to see your darling In the home be-yond the sky?
 Will you meet me up in heaven? Tell me now, be-fore I go.
 I will meet my child in heaven, When this drea - ry life is o'er.
 She is rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing, O - ver on the oth - er shore;



At the gate-way I'll be waiting When the lov - ing ones pass thro';
 At the gate-way I'll be waiting When the lov - ing ones pass thro';
 Tell the Sav - ior I am coming, That He saves your pa - pa, too;
 But the Sav - ior is in - vit-ing, And the call is ev - er new:



rall.



I will see them as they en - ter; Pa-pa, shall I look for you?
 I will see them as they en - ter; Pa-pa, shall I look for you?
 Thro' His bless-ed love and mer - cy, By and by I'll be with you.
 Will you hear the in - vi - ta - tion? Sinner, He is call - ing you!



Sowing the Tares.

Dedicated to "Brother Will," M. Cell 1069.

Words by a Convict.

M. A. LEE.

Slow. To be sung as a Solo.

1. Sow-ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sowing of mal-ice,
 2. Sow-ing the tares, how dark the black sin, Mingling a curse with
 3. Sow-ing the tares that bring sor-row down, Robs of its jew-els
 4. Sow-ing the tares un-der cov-er of night, Which might have been wheat,

s spite, and de - ceit, We might have sown ro - ses a-mid life's sad cares, While
 life's sweetest hymn, And heeding no an-guish, no pit - eous pray'rs, While
 life's fair-est crown; And turning to sil - ver the once golden hairs, Grown
 all golden and bright; O heart, turn to God with repentance and pray'r, And

REFRAIN.

we were so cru - el - ly sow-ing the tares;
 we were so cru - el - ly sow-ing the tares; }
 whit - er and whit - er as we sowed the tares; } Sow - ing the tares,
 plead for for-give-ness for sow-ing the tares; }

Sow-ing the tares, We plead for for-give-ness for sow-ing the tares.

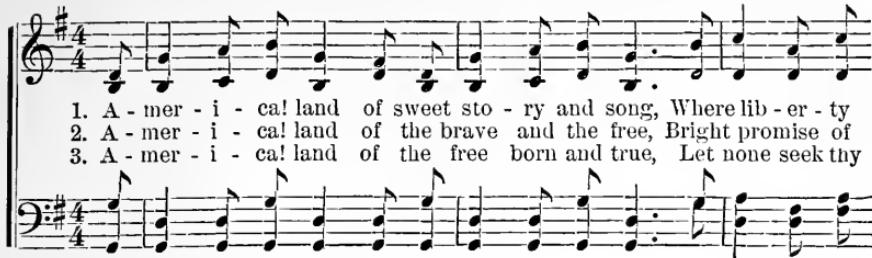
From "Rescue Songs." Used by per. of H. H. Hadley.

America, Land of the Free.

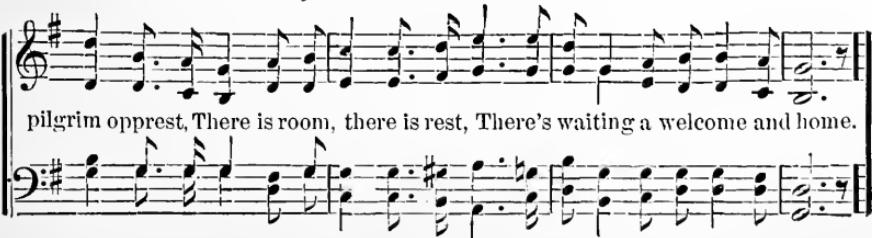
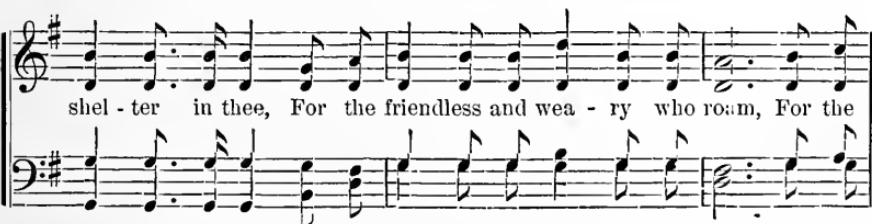
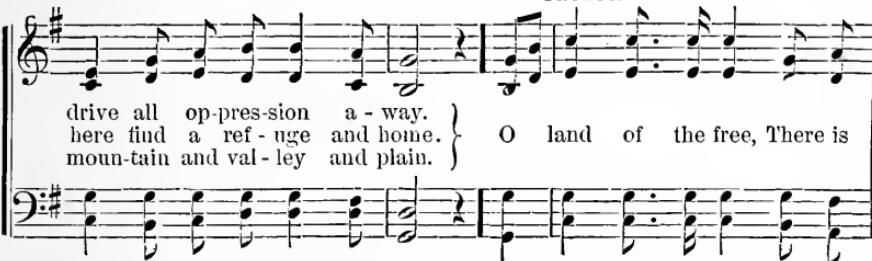
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C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.



CHORUS.



The Sinner and the Song.

By WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. A sinner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, The Tempter was
 2. He lingered and listened to ev - 'ry sweet chord. He re-membered the

watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat-tle for
 time he once loved the Lord. Come on! says the Tempter, come

right against wrong. But, hark! from the church he hears the sweet song:
 on with the throng, But, hark! from the church a - gain swells the song:

QUARTET, to be sung very softly.

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly.....
 While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high....

From "Thompson's Popular Anthems," Copyrighted and Published by
 Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio,

The Sinner and the Song. Concluded.

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3. O Tempter, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

Sav - ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord, can it be, that a

sin - ner like me, May find a sure ref - uge by com - ing to Thee?

QUARTET, to be sung very softly.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee.

I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, and

pp QUARTET.

and Oh, receive my soul at last...

To Save a Poor Sinner.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

GRACE I. FOSTER.

1. I'll sing of the sto - ry, how Je - sus from glo - ry, Has saved a poor
 2. His glo - ry im - mor-tal bright o - ver the por - tal, Has banished the
 3. Tho' sea - sons of er - ror, and mo-ments of ter - ror, Like bil-lows of
 4. My peace like a riv - er flows on-ward for - ev - er, A tide to e -

sin - ner like me; That all who believe Him, and all who receive Him, His
 gloom from the grave; The Lord has as-cend-ed, the darkness is end - ed, And
 sor - row may roll; In Christ I'm confid-ing, in Him I am hid - ing, With
 - ter - ni - ty's sea; To swell the old sto - ry with voie-es in glo - ry, He

CHORUS.

bless - ed sal - va - tion may see. Then sing the glad cho - rus, His
 now He is might - y to save.
 safe - ty and rest to my soul.
 saved a poor sin - der like me.

ban-ner is o'er us, His mer - cy is boundless and free, From heaven de -

rit.

- scended, His love is ex- tended, To save à poor sin-ner like me:

Sunshine of Love.

193

REV. RICHARD H. GILBERT.

J. M. BLACK. By per.

1. In this world, where shadows Dark and drear a-bound,
 2. Souls in darkness groping, Seek-ing for the way, Lead-ing up to
 3. Soon will end the work-time, And the pain and strife, Then we'll rest to-

sor - row Plen - ti - ful are found, Let us prove our u - nion
 gio - ry, Realm of end - less day; Comfort, cheer and help them,
 - geth - er Blest with peace and life; With our lov - ing Sav - ior

With the Christ a - bove, By the joy of showing Bright sunshine of love.
 Doubt and fear re - move, Making plain the pathway With sunshine of love.
 Now enthroned a - bove, Basking then for - ev - er In sunshine of love.

CHORUS.

Sun - shine, sun-shine, com-ing from a - bove, Keep it beaming ev-er,
 Sunshine, blessed

Bright sunshine of love, Keep it beaming ever, Bright sunshine of love.

Seeds of Promise.

Words by JESSIE H. BROWN.

Music by FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds, Along the fer-tile field, For
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho'
 3. The harvest-home of God will come, And after toil and care, With

CHORUS.

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
 great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give. Then day by
 joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

day . . . along your way, . . . The seeds of prom - - -
 Then day by day along your way, The seeds of promise

ise cast, . . . That ripened grain . . . from hill and
 cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain

plain, . . . Be gathered home . . . at last. . .
 from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last . . .

Jesus is Calling To-day.

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D. R. LUCAS.
Duet.

J. H. ROSECRANS.
Semi-Chorus.

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing for thee, Call-ing for thee, yes,
 2. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing thee now, Call-ing thee now, yes,
 3. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing, O come! Call-ing to - day, yes,

Duet.

call - ing for thee, List - en and hear him say, "fol-low thou me,"
 call - ing thee now, Wait-ing for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow,
 call - ing to - day, All who are wea-ry and longing for home,

Semi-Chorus.

Full Chorus.

Fol - low, yes, fol - low thou me. Je - - sus is
 Call - ing, yes, call - ing just now.
 Je - sus is call - ing to - day. Je - sus is call-ing,

call - ing to - day, Je - - sus is call-ing to - day;
 call - ing to - day, Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing to - day;

Je - - sus is calling to-day, Call-ing, yes, calling to-day.
 Je - sus is call-ing, calling to-day,

The Day of Jubilee.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Fall in! ye sol - diers of the Lord! The time is now at hand;
 2. Fall in! and press with vig - or on, Our Lord we must o - obey;
 3. No time to fal - ter or re - treat, The en - e - my must die!

Go, work and fight with one ac - cord, O com - rades, bold - ly stand!
 The foe comes ev - er and a - non, A - gain we meet to - day.
 Move on with sure and stead - y feet, The vic - to - ry is nigh!

Re - pel the might - y hosts of sin, And set the na - tions free;
 Advance! and charge with might and main; We fight for lib - er - ty!
 Once more we go, ye brave and strong, Reach out from sea to sea;

Be true, and help to ush - er in The day of Ju - bi - lee.
 Cease not to strike, but strike a - gain Un - til the Ju - bi - lee.
 The strug - gle now will not be long, And then the Ju - bi - lee.

The Day of Jubilce. Concluded.

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CHORUS.

The day of Ju - bi - lee, The day of Ju - bi - lee; O,
 Day Ju - bi - lee, Day Ju - bi - lee,

praise the Lord, with one ac - cord, The na - tions shall be free! The
 Praise the Lord, The na - tions shall be free;

day of Ju - bi - lee, The day of Ju - bi - lee, Be
 Day of Ju - bi - lee, Day of Ju - bi - lee,

true, and help to ush - er in The day of Ju - bi - lee.
 Help to ush - - er The day of Ju - bi - lee,

198 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
 2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting

more, And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the
 rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
 sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
 chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
 all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is
 roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is
 roll is called up yon-der, we'll be there.

called up yon - - - der, When the roll..... is called up
 called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

When the Roll Is Called, etc.

Rev. JOS. HART, 1750.

Arr. by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

When the roll is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yon - der,

The Fountain Now is Open.

Rev. JOS. HART, 1750.

Arr. by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded,sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power;
2. { Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
True be-lief and true repen-tance,—Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh;

CHORUS.

For the foun-tain now is o - pen, the foun-tain now is o - pen,

The foun - tain now is o - pen, O sin - ner, won't you come?

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger; 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Nor of fitness fondly dream; Bruised and mangled by the fall;
All the fitness He requireth If you tarry till you're better,
Is to feel your need of Him; You will never come at all;

Raise the Song Triumphant.

Play first four measures for prelude.

Words and music by GEO. NOYES ROCKWELL.

VOICES IN UNISON. *Spirited.*

1. Raise the song tri-umph-ant, Sing in cho - rus strong ; Let all earth re-ech - o
 2. Tho' sin and temp-ta - tion Ev - rywhere abound, Tho' the hosts of Sa - tan
 3. Would we reign in glo - ry, And a crown there wear, We must here be faith-ful

As we march along. We are Christian sol-diers, We are proud to be
 Com-pass us a-round, They can-not affright us, Christ who leads the way,
 To the trust we bear ; So when death shall call us, And our conflicts o'er,

CHORUS.

Foll'wers of a Cap - tain Who has made us free, } Then march on to bat - tle,
 Conquer'd them, and by Him We shall gain the day. } We shall reign in glo - ry, Vic-tors ev - er-more,

Raise the Song Triumphant. Concluded. 201

cres.

Prompt the call o - bey,

For-ward to the con - flict, Strong in faith al-way;

cres.

mf

Sing - - ing as we go,.....

Sing - - ing as we

mf

3

cres.

go;..... Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

cres.

Interlude.

Jesus Is Passing This Way.

E. A. H.

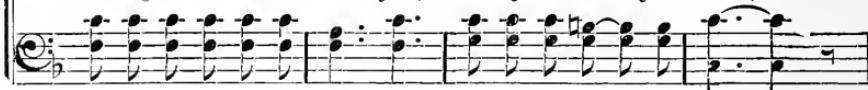
J. H. T.



1. Is there a sin-ner a - wait - ing Mer-cy and pardon to - day ?
2. Brother, the Master is wait - ing, Waiting to free-ly for - give;
3. Yes, he is coming to bless you While in contrition you bow;



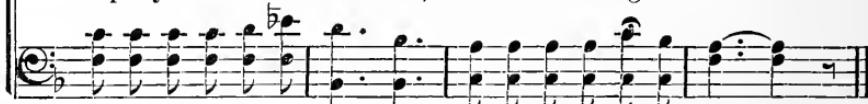
Welcome the news that we bring him : "Jesus is passing this way!"
 Why not this moment accept him, Trust in his grace and live?
 Coming from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;



Coming in love and in mer - cy, Pardon and peace to be-stow,
 He is so tender and pre - cious, He is so near you to - day ;
 Can you re-fuse the sal-va - tion Je - sus is of - fering here ?



Coming to save the poor sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
 O-pen your heart to receive him, While he is p ssing this way.
 O-pen your heart to ad-mit him, While he is coming so near.

*Chorus.*

Je-sus is passing this way..... To - day,..... to - day,
 Jesus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to - day!



While he is near, O be - lieve him, O-pen your heart to receive him, For
 Je-sus is passing this way, this way, Is passing this way to - day.

The Way, the Truth, the Life.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. T.

1. "I am the way," the Savior said; The paths of sin forsake;
 Slumber no more in error's night, In righteousness awake.
 2. "I am the truth," the Savior said; In faith draw near to me;
 He that believeth shall be saved, The truth shall make him free.
 3. "I am the life," the Savior said, Your sins and sorrows leave;
 Shun ye the path that leads to death; E - - - - - ter-nal life receive.

Chorus.

Sinner to-day Hear Jesus say: I am the way, the truth, the life,
 Sinner to-day Hear Jesus say: I am the way, the truth, the life.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. My heart is full of glad-ness, And mu - sic fills the air, I'm
 2. I've ma - ny loved ones you-der Who have but gone be - fore, Their
 3. When here on earth they trusted The Sav - ior's pre-cious blood, And

on my way to heav-en, And soon its bliss will share; No pain, no
 jour - ney now is o - ver, They've reached the golden shore; Oh, what a
 fol - low-ing the Shepherd, They trod the heav-ny road; I, too, in

death nor sor - row, But glo - ry bright and fair, Shall be the blessed
 glad-some meeting 'Twill be when I get home, A great and sweet re-
 Christ am rest-ing, And in His grace a - lone; I'm dai - ly, hour - ly

por - tion Of all who en - ter there.
 - un - ion Be - fore our Father's throne. } I'm going home to glo - ry, I'm
 long - ing To hear Him call me home. }

rit. ad lib.

go - ing home to glo - ry, I'm go-ing home to glo - ry Some glad day.

I Am Trusting in My Savior.

205

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

J. W. WARD.



Has re-moved all condé-m-na-tion, And from sin has set me free.
 And so sweet-ly I am rest-ing In the sun-shine of His face.

Rest-ing so sweet-ly, Foll'-wing so close-ly,

Kept for His ser-vi-ce I e'er would be Wait-ing and watching,

Work-ing and prais-ing 'Till in the glo-ry His face I see.

3 I am living now to serve Him,
 Go or wait at His command;
 Like a servant, ever ready
 To obey I listening stand.

4 I am working for the Master
 In the harvest field to-day;
 Oh, how sweet it is to follow,
 When His Spirit leads the way.

5 I am following in the foot-prints
 He has left along the way;
 And, tho' rough at times the journey
 Yet it leads to endless day.

6 I am waiting for His coming,
 When the working day is o'er;
 I am watching and I'm longing,
 To be with Him evermore.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Are you walking in the light of the gos-pel? Do you trust in Je-sus ev'-ry day?
 2. Are you walking in the light of the gos-pel? Do you glo - ry in the cross a-lone?
 3. Are you walking in the light of the gospel? Does the truth shine brighter on the way?



Do you look to Him for pardon and cleansing? Has He wash'd your guilty stains away?
 Do you love and trust the Saviour of sin-ners? Does the blood He shed, for you a-tone?
 Are you living more and more for His glory? Do you find Him more and more your stay?



REFRAIN.



Are you walking in the light, Are you spotless now and white? Do you trust the



bless-ed Saviour's word? It will make you free in-deed; Je-sus is the friend you



RESPONSE.



need; Are you walking in the light of God? I am walking in the light, Yes,



* Let the first part be sung by one half of the school, and the Response by the other half. After the last verse let all sing the Response *pp.*
 Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

By permission.

walk-ing in the light, I am walk-ing in the light of God; I am
the light of God;

walking in the light, Yes, walking in the light, I am walking in the light of God.

Hark! Ten Thousand Harps.

T. KELLY.

HARWELL. 8s. & 7s. 8 lines.

LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. { Hark! tenthou - sand harps and voic - es, Sound the notes of praise a - bove;
 { Je - sus reigns and heav'n re.joic - es, Je - sus reigns, a God of love,
2. { Je - sus hail whose glo - ry brightens All a - bove, and gives it worth,
 { Lord of life, Thysmile enlight- ens Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth,

f D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

D.C.

See Hesits on yon-der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord we own it, love di - vine.

- 3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever,
Those whom Thou hast made Thine
Happy object of thy grace, [own,
Chosen to behold His face.

- 4 Saviour hasten thine appearing,
Bring O bring the glorious day;
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass aw~~ay~~;
Then with golden harps will sing,
“Glory, glory to our King.”

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

HERBERT D. LOTHROP.

1. We are build - ing in sor - row, and build - ing in joy, A
 2. Ev - 'ry deed forms a part in this build - ing of ours, That is
 3. Then be watch - ful and wise, let the tem - ple we rear Be

tem - ple the world cannot see; But we know it will stand if we
 done in the name of the Lord; For the love that we show and the
 one that no tem - pest can shock; For the Mas - ter has said and He

found it on a rock, Thro' the a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.
 kindness we be-stow, He has promised us a bright re - ward.
 taught us in His word, We must build upon the sol - id rock.

CHORUS.

We are building day by day, As the moments glide away, Our temple which the

world may not see; Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won by grace Will be
 which the world may not see;

ad lib.

sure to find its place, In our building for e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.
for e - ter - ni - ty.

Farewell.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

mf Andante.

J. KINKLE. Arr. by G. B.

poco rit.

1. Fare-well! we now must sev - er, We part, but not for - ev - er; Be -
2. Fare-well! our love we cher-ish, Af - fections nev - er per - ish; But
3. Fare well! in tears we leave you, Tho' part-ing now may grieve you; We

cres.

CHORUS.

- yond the vale of sor-row We'll meet again to - morrow.
in a coun-try ver - nal A - bide with us e - ter - nal. } Farewell! fare -
go where duties call us, What-ev - er may be - fall us. }

- well! We part in love, Fare-well! fare - well! We'll meet a - bove.

Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song; Glo - ry to
 2. We are lost a - mid the rapt-ure of re-deem-ing love; Glo - ry to
 3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold; Glo - ry to
 4. There we'll shout redeeming mer - ey in a glad, new song; Glo - ry to

God, hal-le - lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:
 God, hal-le - lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its pinions to the hills a - bove:
 God, hal-le-lu-jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon behold:
 God, hallelujah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng:

FINE. CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu - jah! O, the children of the Lorā have a

right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our

souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the pal-ace of a King!

My Heart's Prayer.

211

"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."—Mark 9: 24.

FLORA MCLEAN. Arr. by W. G. C.

Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. Dear Lord, in - crease my faith, I pray, While on this earth I roam;
 2. Give me the faith to trust Thy pow'r, E'en where I can - not see;
 3. To yield the whole and not a part, Is my most earn - est pray'r;
 4. Should an - y - thing e'er seem to stand Be - tween Thy heart and mine,

Ban - ish my ev - 'ry doubt a - way, And guide me safe - ly home.
 The faith to yield, this ve - ry hour, My life, my all to Thee.
 Come, Thou, and cleanse my foward heart, And reign for - ev - er there.
 Spare not the chast'ning of Thy hand, Till I am whol - ly Thine.

Guide me home, guide me home, Guide me safe - ly home; Ban -
 All to Thee, all to Thee, Life and all to Thee; Help
 Cleanse my heart, cleanse my heart, Reign for - ev - er there; Come,
 Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine, Till I'm whol - ly Thine; Spare

- ish my ev - 'ry doubt a - way, And guide me safe - ly home.
 me to yield this ve - ry hour, My life and all to Thee.
 Thou, and cleanse my fro - ward heart, And reign for - ev - er there.
 not the chast'ning of Thy hand, Till I am whol - ly Thine.

- 5 Then, when on earth my work is past, 6 A palm of victory I'll bear,
 And I have reached the goal, Of victory over sin;
 Oh, bear me to my home at last, And I shall tell the angels there,
 An humble, grateful soul. How Jesus took me in.
 Bear me home, bear me home, Tell them there, tell them there,
 To my heav'ly home; Jesus took me in;
 Oh, bear me to my home at last, Oh, I shall tell the angels there,
 An humble, grateful soul. How Jesus took me in.

From "Pearls of Paradise," by per.

212 What I Have Written I Have Written.

J. G. D.

J. G. DAILEY.

1. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, King of the Jews, But to re-ceive Him the
 2. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth now I see, Nailed by His foes to the
 3. Are you re - ject - ing this cru-ci-fied Lord? Are you de - spis-ing His
 4. Brother, your rec - ord you're writing to-night, Oh, may its pag - es be

peo-ple re - fuse; Pi - late made answer, I say un - to Thee;
 shame - ful tree; "Fa - ther, forgive them, they know not of Thee."
 ex - cel-lent Word? This shall your cry in e - ter - ni - ty be;
 spotless and white; Par-doned or lost, in the judgment you'll see,

CHORUS.

What I have written, the rec - ord shall be.
 What they have written, their rec - ord shall be.
 What I have written, my rec - ord shall be.
 What you have written, your rec - ord shall be. } What I have written,

I have writ-ten, Thus shall my rec - ord stand to - day.

1. I brought my sins to Cal - va - ry. They are cov-ered by the
 2. My woes are bur - ied 'neath the tide, They are cov-ered by the
 3. 'Twas my trans-gres-sions that He bore, They are cov-ered by the
 4. The bur - dens that my soul op-prest, They are cov-ered by the

blood of Je - sus; There He in mer - cy set me free, They are
 blood of Je - sus; Be -neath the foun - tain deep and wide, They are
 blood of Je - sus; Now He re - mem-bers them no more, They are
 blood of Je - sus; He took them all and gave me rest, They are

CHORUS.

cov-ered by the blood of Je - sus, They are cov-ered by the blood,
 cov-ered by the blood, Cov-ered by the blood of Je - sus; Tho'

erim-son were my sins I know, They are cov-ered by the blood of Je - sus.

The Lost Soul's Lament.

Mrs. LOU. S. BEDFORD.

Jeremiah 8: 20.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. The summer is end - ed, oh God! And the har-vest for- ev - er
 2. The dews of God's grace have come down, Thro' the spring and the sum - mer
 3. Full of - ten His "still" gen-tle voice, Has en-couraged my way - ward
 4. I thought "there is time e-nough yet!" And the way was so strange- ly

past, While heed- less life's ear - nest path I have trod, And
 eves The beau - ti - ful rays of Au-tumn's bright sun Have
 heart To choose, in the place of life's fleet - ing joys, Like
 bright; I dreamed not the sun was quite so near set, I

now I'm un - done at last; With the best of "in - ten-tions" my
 rip ened full man - y sheaves; All the while with vain dream-ings my
 Ma - ry, "that bet - ter part," But a - las! ev - 'ry warn - ing my
 woke and be - held 'twas night! All the claims of the gos - pel a -

path I have paved, But the har-vest is passed and my soul is not saved.
 way I have paved, Till the sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
 proud heart has braved, The sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
 las! I had waived Till the sheaves were all garnered and I am not saved.

CHORUS.

I am not saved I am not saved, . . .
 I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved,

The Lost Soul's Lament Concluded.

215



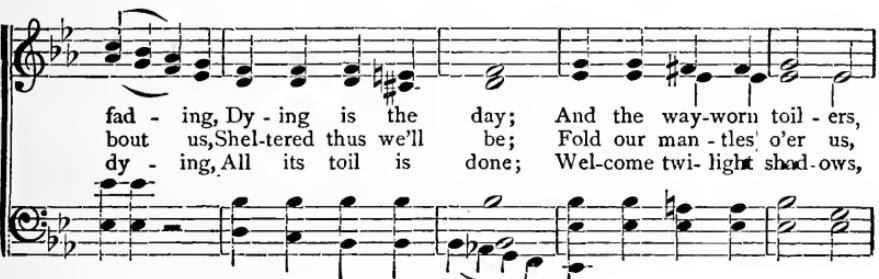
The har - - vest is end - - ed, And I am not saved.
har-vest is end - ed, the har-vest is end - ed,



Welcome Evening Shadows.

IDA L. REED.

H. N. LINCOLN.



We are Soldiers of the Cross.

Play first eight measures for prelude.

Words and Music by GEO. NOYES ROCKWELL.

Spirited.

1. We are sol - diers of the cross, Battl'ing for the right;
 2. We are sol - diers of the cross; By it we are led;
 3. We are sol - diers of the cross, Faithful, val - iant, true;
 4. We are sol - diers of the cross; Let us ev - er be

We are march ing on to war, Witl shield and buckler bright;
 It is glean - ing with the blood That Christ our Lord hath shed.
 Do-ing with our strength and might Whate'er we find to do;
 Worthy of the name we bear, Till death shall set us free.

We are chil-dren of a King Who sits enthroned on high;
 He so loved us that He died To take our sins a - way;
 Nev - er yield-ing un - to sin, Tho' foes en-camp a - round;
 Then for - ev - er we will give All praise, O God, to Thee;

He is strong, and we shall win If on Him we re - ly.
 It is lit - te we can do This debt of love to pay.
 Us - ing prayer, a wea-pon strong, To crush them to the ground.
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

CHORUS.

As we march ring out the song, Lift the cross on high;

Blow the trum-pet loud and long, And shont the bat-tle cry.

Angels Hovering Round.

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1 There are angels hov'ring round, etc. | 4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc. |
| 2 To carry the tidings home, etc. | 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc. |
| 3 To the New Jerusalem, etc. | 6 There's glory all around, etc. |

1. { My Sav - ior died up - on the tree,
Oh, come and praise the Lord with me } Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb.
D. C.—It sets my spir - it all a-flame, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb.

CHORUS. *D. C. al Fine.*

The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, I love the sound of Je - sus' name;

2 I know my sins are all forgiven,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
And I am on my way to heaven,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

3 Now I will tell to sinners 'round,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
What a dear Savior I have found,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

4 His blood has washed my sins away,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
And I can sing as well as pray,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

5 I point to Thy redeeming blood,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
And shout, behold the way to God,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

219 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Dr. MILLER.

Arr. by G. B.

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home? }

2. { No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful,shelt'ring dome,
This world's a wil - der-ness of woe, This world is not my my home. }

3. { To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, And He'd conduct me home. }

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,

We'll Work till Jesus Comes. Concluded.

Sheet music for "We'll Work till Jesus Comes." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-er'd home."

220

Bless Me Now.

Rev. DUNCAN M. YOUNG.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

Sheet music for "Bless Me Now." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).

1. Je-sus, take this heart of stone, Cleanse it, make it Thine a - lone;
2. Oh, to me Thy light im-part, Show me ful-ly what Thou art,
3. With Thy ful-ness fill my soul, Teach me, and my thoughts control;

Sheet music for "Bless Me Now." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).

Sheet music for "Bless Me Now." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).

Gra-cious Sav-ior, pre-cious Friend, To my soul Thy Spir-it send.
May I to Thy like-ness grow; Lord, to me Thy beau-ty show.
Lead me by Thy lov-ing hand To Thy ho-ly gold-en strand.

Sheet music for "Bless Me Now." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).

CHORUS.

Sheet music for "Bless Me Now." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).

Bless me now, oh, bless me now, Bless me now with peace divine;
Bless me now, oh, bless me, bless me now, Bless me now with peace di-vine;

Sheet music for "Bless Me Now." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).

p rit.

Bless me now, oh, bless me now, Whisper gent-ly Thou art mine.
Bless me now, oh, bless me, bless me now, Whisper gently Thou art mine, art mine.

Sheet music for "Bless Me Now." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).

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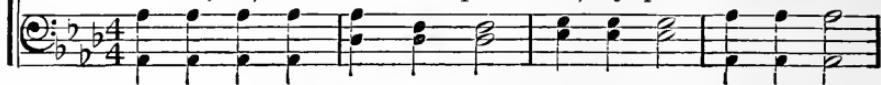
'Tis My All.

HARRIET MC EWEN KIMBALL. Alt.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Sav - ior, is there an - y - thing I have failed, failed to bring?
2. Lord, be-think Thee, I am poor; Scant and small is my store;
3. Since Thou, Lord, hast deigned to ask, Oh, how sweet is the task;
4. Sav - ior, is there yet one thing My poor heart fails to bring?
5. Sav - ior, oh, do not de - spise This, my poor sac - ri - fice!



S:

FINE.

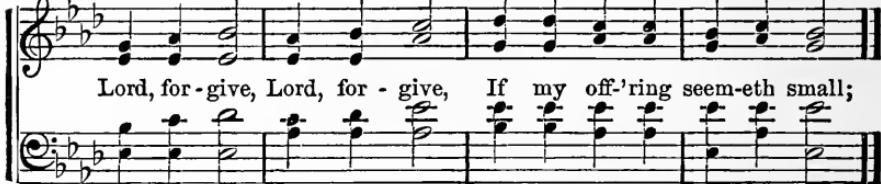
- Lies my off - 'ring at Thy feet In - com - plete?
 At Thy feet my all I pour; What can I more?
 Though the gift be poor to bring Ev - 'ry - thing!
 Lies my off - 'ring at Thy feet In - com - plete?
 Take the gift I bring to Thee, And bless me.



D.S.—More than this I can not bring; 'Tis my all.

CHORUS.

D.S.



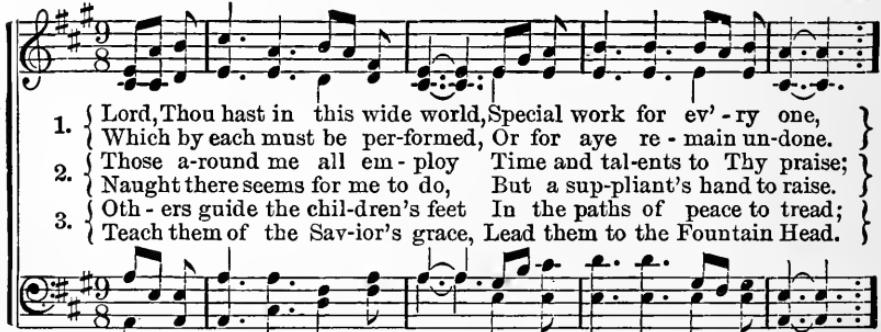
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222 What Work Hast Thou for Me?

ELISHA R. PETTIT.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FINE.



1. { Lord, Thou hast in this wide world, Special work for ev' - ry one,
 { Which by each must be per-formed, Or for aye re - main un-done. }
2. { Those a-round me all em - ploy Time and tal-ents to Thy praise;
 { Naught there seems for me to do, But a sup-pliant's hand to raise. }
3. { Oth - ers guide the chil-dren's feet In the paths of peace to tread;
 { Teach them of the Sav-ior's grace, Lead them to the Fountain Head. }

D.C.—What my call is here be - low, What the work Thou hast for me.
 D.C.—Guid - ed by the Spir - it good, Gath - er souls for heav'n a - bove.
 D.C.—Bring rich show'rs of blessings down, Raise the world in righteousness,

Copyright, 1894, by the Hoffman Music Co.

What Work Hast Thou for Me? Concluded.

D. C.

Earn-est - ly I've sought to know, Oft- en have I prayed to see,
Some there are who spread a-broad Knowledge of the Savior's love;
Fervent prayers ef-fect - u - al Some in faith and love ad - dress,

4 Some in self-denial live,
Ever gentle, good and kind,
"Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind."
Each has noble work to do;
Each fulfils his chosen part;
Naught there seems for me to do,—
Naught that can inspire my heart.

5 Give me some great work to do,
And Thy grace and strength impart;
Let me labor in Thy cause,
With Thy love within my heart;
Or, some little thing, if Thou
Choosest it as best for me;
Only let me labor now,
And thus show my love to Thee.

223 Trusting in His Faithfulness.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. { I go forth to-day on my pilgrim way, Trusting in the promise of a faith-ful Lord; }
Cheered by Jesus' love as I onward move, Trusting in the promise of a faith-ful Lord.
2. { As the days go by full of joy am I, Trusting in the promise of a faith-ful Lord; }
Christ is ver - y near, naught have I to fear, Trusting in the promise of a faith-ful Lord.

CHORUS.

{ Trust - ing, trust - ing, Trusting in the faithfulness of Christ, my Lord;
Trust - ing, trust - ing, Trusting in the promise of His [Omit. . .] Ho-ly Word.
Trusting in Jesus, Trusting in Jesus,

- 3 All is now at rest, saved am I and blest, Trusting, etc.;
Helped from heav'n above, strong in faith and love, Trusting, etc.
- 4 Deeper peace I know as I forward go, Trusting, etc.;
'Neath His mighty arm, what can do me harm, Trusting, etc.
- 5 Oh, the happiness! oh, the wondrous bliss, Trusting, etc.!
Oh, the comfort sweet! oh, the rest complete, Trusting, etc.!
- 6 So I journey on till life's work is done, Trusting, etc.,
Till the race is run and the crown is won, Trusting, etc.

224 I'm Glad Salvation's Free. Arr. by G. B.



1 I'm glad salvation's free,
And without price or cost,
For had it been for me to buy,
My soul must have been lost.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free,
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

2 In this cold world below,
With none to care for me,

A pilgrim lone, without a home—
I'm glad salvation's free.

3 Once I was blind and lost,
Of sin and sorrow full;
But now I'm saved thro' Jesus' blood,
I feel it in my soul.

4 And now I'm on the way
To brighter worlds above;
I hope to triumph evermore
Through the Redeemer's love.

225 Let It Fall.

I. WATTS, 1 and 4. Chorus and Melody furnished by L. W.
C. WESLEY, 2 and 3.

Arr. by G. B.

Moderato.

Acts i. 8.



1. { Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'r's;
Kin-dle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts..... of ours.
2. { O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call, Spir - it of burn - ing, come!

CHORUS. Slower.



On the aged and the young Let it fall! Thy promise, Lord, we claim;



It will guide us on to truth, Let it fall! And sanc - ti - fy us all.



3 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Copyright, 1895, by Weeden and Weaver.

Heaven is My Home.

SCOTCH AIR.

Adagio e Legato.

1. { I'm but a stran-ger here Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home; } Dan-ger and sorrow stand
2. { What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage, Heav'n is my home; } Time's cold and wintry blas

'Round me on ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my Fatherland Heav'n is my home.
Soon will be o - ver past: I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.

3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
Heav'n is my home;
I soon shall reach the goal;
Heav'n is my home;
Swiftly the race I'll run.
Yield up my crown to none:
Forward! the prize is won;
Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Savior's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

NOTE:—The words "Nearer My God to Thee," are admirably adapted to this music.

227 J. W. VAN DE VENTER. Jesus is Coming.

W. C. WEEDEN.

1. { Long is the night, but morn-ing is nigh, Soon will the weary cease yearning;
See yon-der star as - cend-ing the sky; Je-sus the Lord is re - turning.
2. { Soon He will reign, the King of all lands, Wheat from the tares He will sever;
Nations redeemed He will hold in His hands, Banishing Satan for - - - ev-er.

CHORUS.

{ Je - sus, the Lamb that was slain, Bright Star of Hope, King of glo-ry,
Praise Him, He's coming a-gain, O what a won-der-ful..... sto - ry.

3 Watching by faith we look for the day,
Look for eternity nearing;
Waiting for Him, our Lord, on the way,
Light of the world now appearing.

4 Hail to the King, to the Ruler of all,
Coming in glory and power;
Kingdoms of darkness before Him shall fall,
Jesus shall reign in that hour.

To-day the Savior Calls.

Words and Melody by LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

Arr. by G. B.

mf

1. To - day the Sav - ior calls, Sin - ner, give heed; He sees your
 2. To - day the gos - pel news Sounds in your ear, Speaks to your
 3. To - day the an - gels wait On rest - less wing, Loved ones are
 4. To - day, O ling - 'rer, come! Time speeds a - way, To - mor - row

pp

sore dis tress, He knows your need. Oh, come and find in Him
 trou - bled soul Words of good cheer. Oh, what a day is this,
 ling - 'ring near, Glad songs to sing. All heav - en stands a-ghast
 may not be, No long - er stay. Heed and o - bey the voice,

Cleansing from ev - 'ry sin; If you would heaven win, Yield all to - day.
 Foretaste of heav'ly bliss; Do not its of - fer miss, Hear and o - bey.
 Un - til your danger's past And you are safe at last—Do not de - lay.
 Make Christ your happy choice, Then shall your heart rejoice, Come, come away.

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Needham. L. M.

Words and Melody supplied by LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

Arr. by G. B.

1. Now in a song of grateful praise, To my blest Lord my voice I'll raise;
 2. All worlds His glorious pow'r confess, His wis-dom all His works express;
 3. And since my soul has known His love, What mercies has He made me prove!
 4. Tho' ma - ny a fie - ry, flam-ing dart, The tempter lev - els at my heart;

Cho.—Above the rest this note shall swell. This note shall swell, this note shall swell.

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Needham. L. M. Concluded.

D. C. Chorus.



With all His saints I'll join to tell— My Je - sus has done all things well.
But oh, His love what tongue can tell! My Je - sus has done all things well.
Mer-cies which do all praise ex-cel! My Je - sus has done all things well.
With this I all His rage re - pel— My Je - sus has done all things well.

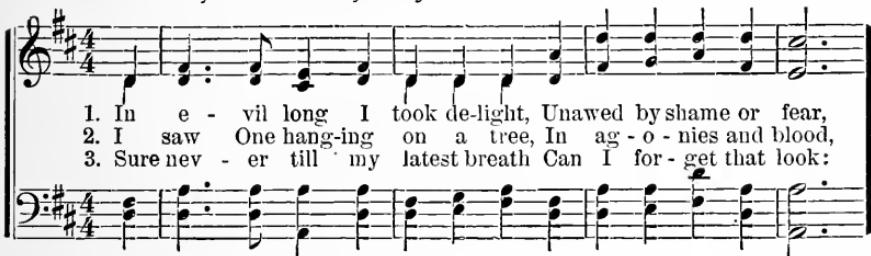


A - bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je - sus has done all things well.

230 JOHN NEWTON. A View of Calvary.

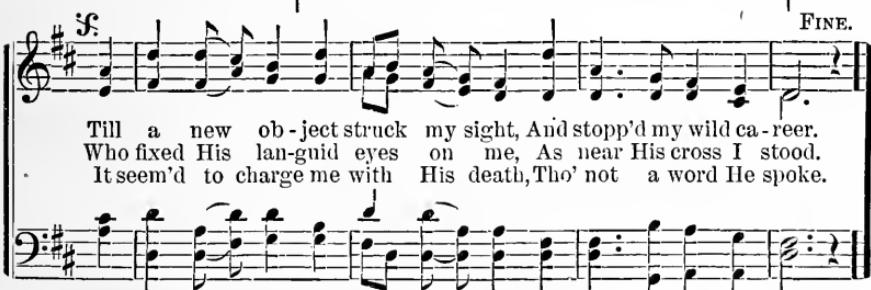
Arr. by G. B.

This hymn was written by Rev. John Newton soon after his conversion.



1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Unawed by shame or fear,
2. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood,
3. Sure nev - er till my latest breath Can I for - get that look:

FINE.



Till a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopp'd my wild ca - reer.
Who fixed His lan-guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seem'd to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.

D.S.—The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again, To in - tercede for me.

D.S. al Fine.

CHORUS.



Oh, the Lamb, the bleed-ing Lamb, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

- 4 A second look He gave, which said, 5 Thus, while His death my sin displays
“I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live.”
- In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

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H. F. LYTE.

W. H. MONK.



2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ry passing hour: Who but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the



dim, its glor - ies pass a - w.y, Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thy - self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies: Heaven's morning breaks, and



all a-round I see: O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me.
earth's vain shadows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

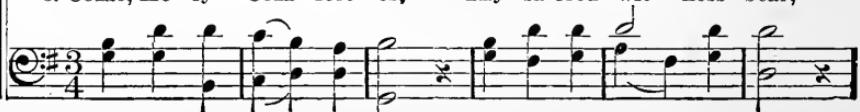


C. WESLEY.

F. GIARDINI, 1769.



2, Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3, Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,



Italian Hymn. Concluded.

Help us to praise! Fa-ther all glor - i-ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend; Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in

tor - i - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 Word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li-ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.

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Axmon. C. M.

ANNE STEELE.

C. G. GLASER

1. Come, you that love the Savior's name, And joy to make it known,
 2. Be - hold your King, your Savior, crown'd With glories all di - vine;
 3. In - fi-nite power and boundless grace In Him u - nite their rays;

The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow before His throne.
 And tell the wond'ring nations round How bright these glories shine,
 You that have seen His love-ly face, Can you for-bear His praise?

4 When in the earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate our strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise;
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
 3. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies,
 Re - new it bold-ly ev - 'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
 He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di-vine a - bode.

WM. COOPER.

Arr. from LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;

And sinners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

D.S.

Lose all their guilt-y stains,... Wash all my sins a - way,...

1. Sitting at the feet of Je-sus, Oh, what words I hear Him say.
Happy place, so near, so precious! May it find me there each [OMIT.] day.

Sitting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look upon the past:
For His love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at [OMIT.] last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O my Savior, bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet;
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet;
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as He is:
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

T. SCOTT.

L. PLEYEL.

1. Hast-en, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun:
2. Hast-en, mer - ey, to im-plore! Stay not for the morrow's sun,

Wis-dom, if you still de - spise, Hard-er is it to be won.
Lest thy sea - son should be o'er E'er this ev-ning's sun be run.

3 Haste-n, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun.
Lest thy lamp should fall to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste-n, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdi-tion thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Retreat. L. M.

H. STOWELL.

THOS. HASTINGS.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho'sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
Ere I forget the mercy-seat.

Rejoice and Be Glad.

H. BONAR.

J. J. HUSBAND.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord, God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord, God Al-might - y! All Thy work shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
 golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and Ser-a-phim
 praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci-ful and Might - y! God in three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
 falling down before Thee, Which wert and art and ev-er-more shall be.
 Mer - ci-ful and Might - y! God in three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

DR. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toll, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

ROBERT GRANT.

HAYDN.

S:

1. O worship the King, all-glorious a- bove, And gratefully sing His
D.S.—Pavilioned in splendor and

FINE.

D.S.

won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend- er, the Ancient of days,
gird-ed with praise.

2 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

4 Our Father and God, how faithful Thy love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

I. WATTS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heaven-ly Lamb, Bears all our sins a - way;

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a-way its stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no-bler name And rich-er blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His dying love.

C. WESLEY.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow—The gladly solemn sound; Let all the
 2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin-a-ton-ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion

nations know, To earth's remotest bound The year of ju-bi-lee is come:
 by His blood, Thro'-out the world proclaim The year of ju-bi-lee is come:

Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home, Return, ye ransom'd sin-ners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.
 The year of jubilee is come:
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made,
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mourning souls, be glad.
 The year of jubilee is come:
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

WILLIAMS.

1. O come, and dwell in me, Spir - it of pow'r with-in;
 2. I want the wit - ness, Lord, That all I do is right—
 3. I ask no high - er state; in - dulge me but in this,

And bring the glor-i-ous lib - er - ty From sor - row, fear, and sin!
 Ac - cord-ing to Thy will and word—Well-pleas-ing in Thy sight.
 And soon or la - ter then translate To my e - ter - nal bliss.

J. NEWTON.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.
FINE

1. { Glor-i-ous things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose Word can not be broken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode. }
D.C.—With sal-va-tion's wall surrounded, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

D. C.

- 2 See the stream of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage—
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?
3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

- "Tis His love His people raises
With Himself to reign as kings:
And, as priests, His solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.
4 Savior, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's treasure,
All His boasted pomp and show;
Solid joy and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know.

J. BOWRING.

J. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an-noy,

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming : 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
Light and love upon Thy way, By the cross are sanctified:
From the cross the radiance streaming Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Adds more luster to the day. Joys that through all time abide.

T. KELLY.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

1. { On the moun-tain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo ! the sa-cred her-ald stands;
Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile hands;
2. { Hast thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved?

Mourning captive! God Himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive,
Cease thy mourning: Zi-on still is well-be-loved, Cease thy mourning:

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God, thy Saviour, will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

T. COTTERILL.

HAYDN.

1. Help us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear, De-light-ing in Thy will;
2. He that hath pi-ty on the poor Doth lend un-to the Lord;
3. To Thee our all de-vot-ed be, In whom we move and live;
4. And while we thus o-bey Thy word, And ev'-ry want re-lieve;

Each oth-ers burdens learn to bear; The law of love ful-fil.
And, lo! His re-com-pense is sure, For more shall be re-stored.
Free-ly we have received from Thee, And freely may we give.
Oh, may we find it, gracious Lord, More blest than to re-ceive.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King;
 2. Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns: Let men their songs employ;
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove
 Let ev'-ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-
 The glor-ies of His righteous-ness, And wonders of His love, And
 heav'n and nature sing,
 peat the sounding joy,
 won - ders of His love,
 And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
 Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
 And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

1. / 2.

1. {Sinners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why?
 {God, who did your be-ing give, Made you with Himself to [OMIT.] live:
 D.C.—Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die?
 He the fa-tal cause de-mands: Asks the work of His own hands.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 God, your Savior, asks you why;
 He, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself, that ye might live.
 Will ye let Him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love.
 Will ye not His grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

1. O for a thou-sand tongues, to sing My dear Redeemer's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to proclaim,

The glor-ies of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread, thro'all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears, 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
That bids our sorrows cease— He sets the prisoner free;
'Tis music to my ravished ears, His blood can make the foulest clean;
'Tis life, and health, and peace. His blood availed for me.

1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now; At Thy feet we hum-bly bow;
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend; In com-pas-sion now de-scend;

O do not our suit dis-dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3.

In Thine own ap-pointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here to stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

1. { 'Twas Je-sus my Sav-i-or, who died on the tree, To o-pen a
 His blood is that fountain, which pardon be-stows, [Omit]

Cho.—For the Li-on of Ju-dah shall break ev'-ry chain, And give us the

2.
 fountain for sinners like me, And cleanses the foulest wherev'er it flows.
 vict'ry a-gain and a-gain, And give us the vic'try a - gain and a - gain

3.
 And when I was willing with all things to part, Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,
 He gave me my bounty, His love in my heart; A full, free salvation He offers to-day; [dream
 So now I am joined with the conq'ring band, Arouse your dark spirits, awake from your
 Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command. And Jesus will save you, oh, come unto Him.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; }
 In-finite day excludes the night, And (Omit) { pleasures banish pain.
 2. { There everlasting spring abides, And ne ver-with'ring flowers; } ours.
 Death, like a narrow set, divides This (Omit) { heav'nly land from

CHORUS.
 1. {
 2. {
 0 Canaan, bright Canaan, It is the land of Canaan, Canaan It is the land of Canaan.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jew old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er;
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

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At the Cross.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Arr. by E. E. NICKERSON. By per.

1. O Je-sus, Lord, Thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my con - trite heart;
 2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light had filled my soul;
 3. I kiss Thy feet, I clasp Thy hand, I touch Thy bleed-ing side;
 4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Cno.—At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light,
 And the burden of my heart roll'd away,

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me Thou art.
 To me Thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
 Oh, let me here for - ev - er stand, Where Thou wast cru - ci - fied.
 For - ev - er let Thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py night and day!

I Bring My All to Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

W. A. O.

1. { I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, { I
 { That they may cleansed be On Thy once o-pened fount, { I
 2. { My heart to Thee I bring, The heart I can - not read; { I
 { A faith-less, wand'ring thing, An e - vil heart in - deed; { I
 3. { My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; { I
 { O Sav - ior, let me be Thine, ev - er Thine a - lone. { My

bring them, Sav - ior, all to Thee. The bur - den is too great for me.
 bring it, Sav - ior, now to Thee, That fixed and faith-ful it may be.
 heart, my life, my all I bring To Thee, my Sav - ior and my King.

And Shall I Turn Back.

ARR. BY GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In mansions of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev-er a-

fol-lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my
 par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
 long as Thou giv-est me breath, And say when the death-dew lies
 -dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit-ter-ing

Sav-ior art Thou; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

CHORUS.

{ And shall I turn back in-to the world? O, no, not I, not I! And
 I'll nev-er turn back, nev-er turn back, O, no, not I, not I! I'll

shall I turn back in-to the world? No, no, not I!.....}
 nev-er turn back, nev-er turn back, O, no, not I!.....}

The Lily of the Valley.

Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me, He's the fair-est of ten
 2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-ta-tion He's my
 3. He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley in Him a-lone I see, All I
 strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my
 do His blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear: With His

need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my
 heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsakes me, and Satan tempts
 [me man-na He my hun-gry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glory we see His blessed

Chorus.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my

Hallelujah!

stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the Lily of the
 sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the Lily of the
 face, Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev - er roll. He's the Lily of the

stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the Lily of the D.S.

Val-ley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest often thousand to my soul.

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

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260 I Love to Sing those Songs of Old.

"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths where is the good way and walk therem."—Jer. vi: 16.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN.
Moderato.

To MARION LAWRENCE.

A. F. MYERS. By per.

1. I love to sing the songs of old, To me they are so dear,
2. When waves of an-guish o'er me roll, A re-fuge blest are they,
3. And when I sing my ti - tie clear, To mansions in the skies,"
4. My heart is cheered when e'er I hear, "Blest be the tie that binds,"
5. When "Watchmen tell us of the night," My wait ing spir - it sings,
6. Sweet fields be - yond the swell-ing flood, Seems near-er day by day,
7. I hope the friends who round me weep, Will sing when death is near,
8. "All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name," Tri-um-phant sings my soul,

They keep my heart from grow-ing cold, They calm my ev - 'ry fear.
 And "Je - sus, Lov - er of my Soul," Soothes all my pain a - way.
 My sor - est trou-bles dis - ap - pear, As mist from sun-shine flies.
 For love makes fel - low-ship so dear, U - ni - ting Christian minds.
 A rain - bow prom - ise greets my sight, And rap - ture with it brings.
 E'er since my Sav - ior's cleansing blood, Washed all my guilt a - way.
 "A - sleep in Je - sus, blessed sleep," To rob the grave of fear.
 Be - fore His throne I'll sing the strains, While count-less a - ges roll.

CHORUS.

I love those songs, those pre-cious songs of old,
 love to sing those songs of old,

those songs, those songs, I love those songs of old.
 songs of old, those songs of old,

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou,
 thorns on Thy brow; } If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow,
 crown on my brow; }

By permission.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

T. MOORE.

11, 10.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying;
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."
 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

263 One by One, We'll All be Gathered.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. We are trav'ling to a bet-ter land— One by one we'll all be
 2. We are draw-ing near-er ev -'ry day— One by one we'll all be
 3. There we'll meet our loved ones gone before— One by one we'll all be
 4. Come, my broth-er, join the hap-py throng— One by one we'll all be

gathered home,— And we'll trust the Saviour's guid-ing hand: One by
 gathered home— To that joy that fad-eth not a - way: One by
 gathered home,— And we'll dwell with Je-sus ev - er-more: One by
 gathered home— Sing-ing now redemp-tion's ho - ly song: One by

CHORUS.

one we'll all be gathered home. Gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring,
 one we'll all be gathered home.
 one we'll all be gathered home.
 one we'll all be gathered home. Gath'ring to-geth-er, gath'ring to - geth-er,

One by one we'll all be gathered home; Gath - 'ring,
 Gath'ring to-geth-er,

gath - 'ring, One by one we'll all be gathered home.
 gath'ring to - geth-er,

Who is Ready?

Words by ANNIE CUMMINGS.

Music by W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Wait - ing is the gol - den har - vest, Wait - ing is the
 2. Tru - ly is the har - vest plenteous, But the la - bor -
 3. Will the Mas - ter hold us guilt - less, If the work be
 4. Haste, oh, hast - en, will - ing work - ers, Swift - ly speed the

gol - den grain, While the Mas - ter calls for reap - ers From the
 ers are few; Pray ye that the Lord of har - vest Send forth
 left un - done? If for lack of la - bor per - ish, Precious
 hours a - way; Hearken to the Master's warn - ing, "Work ye

CHORUS.

hill - side and the plain.
 work - men tried and true. Who is will - ing? who is rea - dy?
 souls we might have won?
 while 'tis called to - day?

Who will go and work to - day? See the gol - den

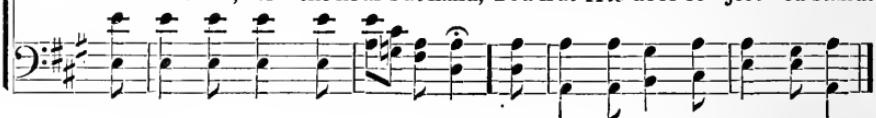
har - vest wait - ing; Who will bear the sheaves a - way?

With feeling.

1. Be - hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
2. O love - ly at-ti-tude—He stands With melt-ing heart and load-ed hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude di-vine: Turn out His en - e - my and thine:
5. Ad-mit Mim, ere His anger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;



Has wait-ed long, is waiting still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match-less kindness—and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va-ry.
That soul-de - stoy-ing monster—sin, And let the Heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at *His* door re - ject - ed stand.



REFRAIN.



O, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
come in, from sin;



O, keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
come in.



266 Oh! How I Love Jesus. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
 2. Je - sus, the name to sin-ners dear, The name to sin-ners given;
 3. Je - sus, the pris'ner's fet-ters breaks, And bruises Sa-tan's head;
 4. Oh, that the world might taste and see The rich-es of His grace;

An-gels and men be-fore it fall, And dev-il's fear and fly.
 It scat-ters all their guilt-y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.
 Pow'r into strengthless souls He speaks, And life in - to the dead.
 The arms of love that compass me, Would all mankind em-brace.

CHORUS.

Oh, how I love Je - sus; Oh, how I love Je - sus;
 2D Cho. How can I for - get Thee? How can I for - get Thee, Lord?

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.

How can I for - get Thee? Dear Lord, re-mem - ber me.

5 His only righteousness I show.
 His saving truth proclaim;
 'Tis all my business here below
 To cry, Behold the Lamb!

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp His name:
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
 Behold, behold the Lamb!

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. We shall hear a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom
 2. When the voice shall cry, "Go forth to-night, Behold, the Bridegroom
 3. Brother, trim your lamp, have it burning bright "Behold, the Bridegroom
 4. Hast thou made a vow? has-ten ye to pay, "Behold, the Bridegroom

comes!" At the mid - night watch, in the dark - ness deep,
 comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,
 comes!" He will sure - ly come, though he seem - eth late,
 comes!" For when he has come, and hath closed the door,

When a - cross our souls heav - y slum - bers creep, We shall
 And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the
 Be at peace with him, nor a mo - ment wait, You will
 And ye stand and pray, "O - pen, we im - plore," It will

hear that voice, that im-mor-tal voice, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"
 soul will take its e - ter-nal flight, "For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"
 hear the cry ere the morning light, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
 be too late,—pay thy vows to-day, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"

CHORUS.

O be read - y when the Bridegroom comes! O be read - y when the

Behold, the Bridegroom Comes. Concluded.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G clef, common time, and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the melody. The first staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff starts with a quarter note. The third staff begins with a dotted half note. The lyrics are as follows:

Bride-groom comes! At the noon - tide, in the eve - ning, At the
He comes, he comes, he

mid-night, in the morn - - ing, O be read - y,
comes, in the morn-ing, O be read - y, he

O be read-y, O be read - y when the Bridegroom comes!
comes, he comes, be read - y when the Bride-groom comes!

268

Marching to Glory.

Tune—Marching Through Georgia.

Key of B Flat.

1 Come with hearts and voices now and sing a gospel song,
Sing it with a spirit that will move the mighty throng;
Sing it till the world shall hear the echoes loud and long,
While we are marching to glory.

CHO.—Then hail! all hail! the coming jubilee!
Redeemed from sin, our Jesus make us free;
Now we'll shout salvation over mountain land and sea,
While we are marching to glory!

2 Gird the gospel armor on and duty's call obey;
See the host of Satan ready marshaled for the fray;
Going forth to meet them we will watch and fight and pray,
While we are marching to glory!

3 Forward then to battle 'neath the banner of the cross;
Counting worldly honors at their best as only dross;
Jesus is our Captain, and we ne'er can suffer loss,
While we are marching to glory!

Oh, Wanderer Lost.

J. M. W.

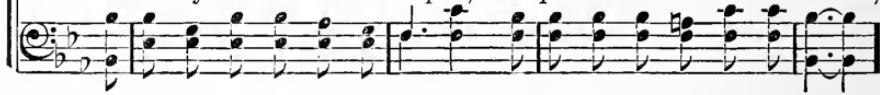
J. M. Whyte.



1. Oh, wan-der-er lost in the dark-ness, En-tan-gled by ma-ny a snare,
2. Oh, wea-ry one bear-ing thy bur-den: Oh, fallen one crushed 'neath thy load,
3. Oh, hope-less one stain'd with dishonor; Oh, lost one whom kindred disowns;



And seeking a path-way of safe-ty A-mid the wild rocks of de-spair;
 Thy feet un-pro-tect-ed and bleed-ing, And rock-y and jag-ged the road:
 Deceived by the voice of the tempter, Who promised thee titles and thrones;



Oh, do you not see the bright vision, That scatters the darkness of night?
 There's one bending o-ver to help thee Who knoweth thy grief and dismay;
 Thy substance devour'd by the stranger, Thy heart sick with hope still deferr'd.



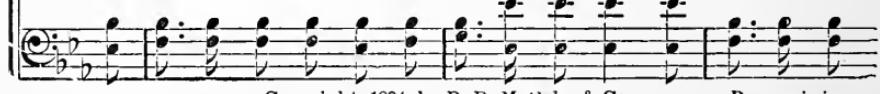
The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, And bringing them forth to the light.
 The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, Hath travel'd the ver-y same way.
 The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, Thy pit-i-ful moanings hath heard.



CHORUS.



Sing glo-ry to Je-sus, He's com-ing this way, Bright star of the



Oh, Wanderer Lost. Concluded.

Musical score for "Oh, Wanderer Lost, Concluded." The score consists of two staves of music in common time, treble clef, and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the musical notes. The first staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are:

morn - ing that her - alds the day, Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus, He
hears the sad cry, "Lord, save or I per - ish, save me or I die."

270

Weeden. C. M.

Rev. W. L. WARDELL.

GEO. BEAVERTON.

Musical score for "Weeden, C. M." The score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are integrated into the musical notes. The first staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The third staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are:

1. I love to med - i - tate, O God! Up - on Thy ho - ly word;
2. How sweet it is to think up - on Thy mer - ey and Thy grace;
3. Like Je - se's son of old - en time, We of - fer praise to Thee;

I love to lean up - on Thy rod, I love to lean up-on Thy rod,
As in this house of pray'r we come. As in this house of pray'r we come.
Oh, bless us now while at Thy shrine, Oh, bless us now while at Thy shrine,

I love to lean up - on Thy rod, A - mid the dis - mal flood.
As in this house of pray'r we come To seek Thy lov - ing face.
Oh, bless us now while at Thy shrine We hum-bly bend our knee.

271 I Am Resting in the Savior's Love.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

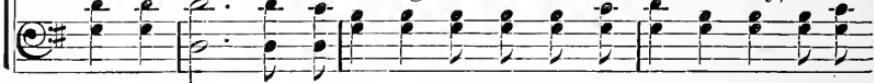
D. E. DORTCH.



1. Oh, my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to-day, I am resting in the
2. At the fount-ain o-pened for the soul un-clean, I am resting in the
3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the
4. O the peace and rapt-ure! O the wondrous bliss! I am resting in the
5. So I live re - joic-ing in his love each day, I am resting in the



Sav-ior's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak-en all my sins a - way, I am
 Sav-ior's love; Trust - ing in his grace I ventured free - ly in, I am
 Sav-ior's love; When I trust-ed Je - sus, lo, the work was done! I am
 Sav-ior's love; I have nev-er known so pure a joy as this; I am
 Sav-ior's love. I am walking with him in the nar - row way, I am



REFRAIN.



rest-ing in the Savior's love. I am resting, sweet - ly resting,
 I am resting, resting, sweetly resting,



I am rest-ing in the Sav - ior's love; I am rest - ing,



sweet - ly resting, I am resting in the Sav - ior's love.
 resting, sweet-ly resting,



272 O Sabbath! 'tis of Thee,

TUNE—"America." Key G.

- 1 O SABBATH! 'tis of thee,
Sweet day of liberty
And worshiping;
Type of the soul's repose,
Day when my Lord arose,
Blest at creation's close,
Of thee I sing.
- 2 Thou treasure-house of pray'r,
Thou balm for pain and care,
Thou fount of praise;
Thy mornings breathe release,
Thy evenings whisper peace,
Thy anthems never cease,
Thou psalm of days.
- 3 Forth on thy wings of white,
Plumed in celestial light,
Sweet Sabbath Day;
Fly all the earth abroad,
Till all thy beauty laud,
Till all adore thy God;
All hope, all pray.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Sanctity,
To Thee we sing;
May all the world revere
This day so old, so dear;
O, bring Thy presence near,
Great God our King.

Rev. HENRY OSTROM.

273 My Faith Looks up to Thee.

Music page 80.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.
- 3 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

274 O Happy Day. Music page 80.

- 1 O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may my glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day, etc.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine,
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With Him of every good possess'd.

275 There is a Happy Land. Music

1 THERE is a happy land, page 81.

Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is the Savior King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright is that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.

276 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

Music page 81.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

253 And crown Him Lord of all.

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Glory, Hallelujah!

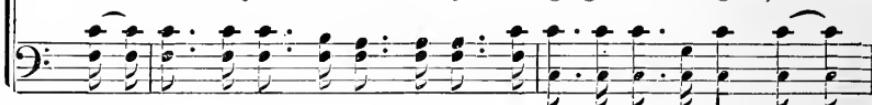
Rev. D. WILLIAMS.



1. On the mountain top of vis - ion, what a glo - ry we be-hold!



A hundred years of vic - to - ry are tinging earth with gold; And the



glorious time is coming which the prophets long foretold. The Truth is marching on.

Chorus — Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.



2. For the glory of the Master, Wesley taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it,—“Redemption’s full and free,”
Salvation’s rolling on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

3. From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy harvest home,
Salvation’s rolling on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

4. A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long
When he shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong,
Our God is marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

5. And when the war is over, with the saints forevermore,
On the blissful heights of Glory we will shout the battle o’er,
And in the Golden City we will join the Conqueror,
Forever marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

* The Chorus, “GLORY, HALLELUJAH,” is so familiar, that the music need not be repeated.

Shall We be There?

W. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

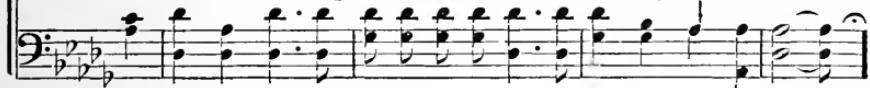
Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



, when that wond'rous day in heav'n shall dawn, In all its glories fair,
hen ransomed voices in triumphant song, Re-ec-ho through the air,
hen death's cold riv - er we have over-crossed, Beyond earth's pain and care,



And God, of those whom Christ our Lord hath brought Makes up his jewels rare;
And praise to God fills every heart and tongue, Shall you and I be there?
When loved ones find again their loved and lost, Shall you and I be there?



CHORUS.



Shall we be there? Shall we be there? When
Shall we be there? Shall we be there?



Christ our Lord shall claim his own? Shall we be there?
Shall we be there?



Shall we be there? When God his jewels shall make known?
Shall we be there?

